

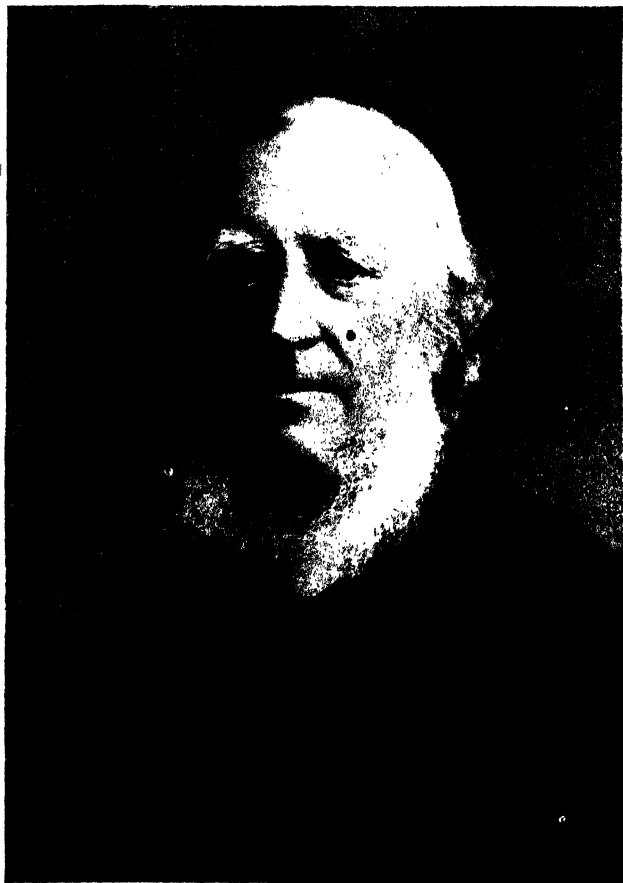
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J. Hannah.

JOHN HANNAH

A CLERICAL STUDY

BY

J. H. OVERTON

CANON OF LINCOLN AND RECTOR OF EPWORTH

WITH PORTRAIT

RIVINGTONS

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

1890

PREFACE

ALL that is needed in the way of preface to this little volume is an acknowledgment of the obligations I am under to those coadjutors without whose aid it could never have been written. To the venerable Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Durnford); to Canons Gregory, Buckle, Clements, and Malcolm MacColl; to the Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford (Dr. Chase); to the Revs. W. F. Stapley and H. N. Grimley; to Messrs. H. Primrose, Maitland Thomson, and H. W. M. Baillie; to Professor Browne (whose vivid sketch of his chief at Glenalmond, though not written for this work, has

been largely drawn upon in the composition of it) ; and, last, but not least, to the present Vicar of Brighton, who, while giving me a perfectly free hand, has always been ready to impart the fullest information and the most judicious advice,—I desire to express my sincere thanks. c

J. H. O.

EPWORTH RECTORY, c

c *Advent*, 1889.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It may be well to say, at the outset, why it has been thought desirable to add one more to the number of biographies which are constantly being given to the public. The subject of the present memoir was a clergyman who never rose to the highest ranks of his profession, whose name was never brought very prominently forward in connection with any great ecclesiastical movement, whose multifarious employments never allowed his undoubtedly great literary powers to have full play, and who, therefore, cannot be said to have left any really *magnum opus* behind him. But it is not always the man who has risen to the highest eminence in any department the record of whose life is the most interesting and instructive. And, paradoxical as it may sound, it is partly because Dr. Hannah did *not* rise to any higher position in the Church,

that it has been thought worth while to publish a brief sketch of his life. Those who knew him best must feel that almost all his life long he was placed in positions which were not altogether congenial to his tastes and aptitudes. He was born to be a student, and to impart his knowledge to those who were sufficiently advanced to appreciate its accuracy and extent. But the course of his life was very differently ordered. Invitations came to him to fill one active post after another, which he did not feel at liberty to decline ; and he undertook work which was far from being that which he would have chosen for himself, and, by earnest and unflagging devotion to the duties thus laid upon him, he proved how much real and abiding good can be accomplished by an able and religious man, who is content to follow what he believes to be the guidings of Providence, even when those guidings do not fall in with his own preferences.

If the whole truth could be known, such cases would probably not be found very rare. It may, therefore, be useful and encouraging to others who may be placed in somewhat similar circumstances, to read the history of an instance specially in point. A man of a very different mould, but a lifelong acquaintance and contemporary at college,

the Rev. Mark Pattison, wrote to Dr. Hannah, when both were nearing the end of their earthly career, "I must say that, in my experience, literature is its own sufficient reward. I cannot regret that I have laid out my life in that pursuit, rather than in fighting with beasts at Ephesus, as so many around me delight in doing. Your active energies have determined you to the opposite choice. It would interest me much, to know whether you have found in your occupations a sufficient mental satisfaction, superior to that which you must at one period have derived from learned pursuits."

What reply Dr. Hannah returned to this very characteristic letter does not appear. But that he was considerably struck by it is shown by the fact that not only was the letter itself carefully preserved, but also that the passage quoted above was found copied out in his own handwriting among his papers. The last part of the letter was not copied; but it shows so clearly what, in the view of a highly competent judge, was the intellectual promise of Dr. Hannah's early manhood, that this short introductory chapter cannot be better concluded than by quoting Mr. Pattison's words: "The half-hour's talk we had a few weeks ago seemed to bring us nearer to each other than we

have been for many years. I can never forget the mental stimulus I derived from yourself and Kay¹—a stimulus which I always look back upon as the best part of my education."

¹ The Rev. W. Kay, quondam Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, for sixteen years Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, then Rector of Great Leighs. He was a First-Class man and University Prize-man, a man of great reputation for learning, and the author of many learned works. He died in 1886. The following extract from a letter written from India by Dr. Kay to Dr. Hannah may be fitly inserted here :—

"Bishop's College, June 3, 1851.

"MY DEAR HANNAH,

" . . . I do not know quite how it is, but there is something or other about your view of things that harmonizes more with mine than those of my other correspondents. . . . You did my heart good by your report of our dear friend Pattison. I am satisfied to know in general that *you* were satisfied, though I should have been glad to have had your impressions more in detail. One cannot help feeling that he is a thorough lover of truth and goodness, though he leaves one to think him an 'inquirer' rather than a 'believer.' "

CHAPTER II.

EARLY YEARS.

JOHN HANNAH was born at Lincoln, July 16, 1818, and was the eldest son of John Hannah and Jane (*nee* Caparn) his wife. The father was a highly distinguished and popular minister among the Wesleyans, and was twice President of their Conference. He was a man of great piety and singularly attractive personality, as the present writer, to whom he once paid a visit, can testify. His name is still a household word among the Wesleyans; when the late Archdeacon preached, only a few months before his death, at Lincoln Cathedral, many Wesleyans came to hear him as the son of their own Dr. Hannah. He was a Methodist of the old sort, who never considered himself a Dissenter, and felt no hostility whatever to the Church. The Archdeacon was always very fondly attached to his father; and the father was

both devoted to, and proud of, his distinguished son. Father and son held different views without any diminution of their mutual love and esteem, the father always remaining firm to the Methodists; the son to the Church. Of the mother it need only be said here that she was thoroughly worthy to be the wife of such a husband, and the mother of such a son. In the words of his biographer, her husband "found in her a devoted wife, fully suited to him in intelligence, goodness, and large-hearted sympathy with his views and cares."¹ The attachment of both father and mother to their son was doubtless deepened by the fact that he was the eldest and sole survivor of eight children. The rest all died in early childhood, except the last, Richard, who lived long enough to give promise of great intellectual excellence, and died of malignant scarlet fever, just on the eve of his going to Oxford. The touching language of the bereaved father to the Rev. Lancelot Sharpe, Master of St. Saviour's School, Southwark, will indicate how fondly he clung to his sole surviving child. "I cannot," he writes, "ever forget what I owe to you in behalf of my children. But I have

¹ "Biographical Sketch," p. 56, by Frederick J. Jobson, D.D. (1868).

no more whom I may have the happiness of placing under your care. Poor Richard ! he is the seventh child that has, in God's merciful chastisement, been taken from us ; and there is but one left. May it please God to preserve and bless him ! ”¹

But to return to the early life of John Hannah. Owing to the Wesleyan system of moving about the circuit ministers, it was necessarily a migratory life. At the time of his birth, his father was circuit minister at Lincoln, and was therefore able to live in his own house, on a property which is now held by the fifth John Hannah in succession. The dates of his migrations are as follows : From 1818 to 1821, Lincoln ; 1821-4, Nottingham ; 1824-7, Leeds ; 1827-30, Manchester ; 1830-3, Huddersfield ; 1833-4, Liverpool. In 1834 Dr. Hannah was appointed Theological Tutor at the Wesleyan Institution at Hoxton, and the wandering life was changed for a permanent settlement in Middleton

¹ “ Biographical Sketch,” p. 81. To this may be added a prayer found in his own handwriting :—

“ *A Father's Prayer of Surrender.* ”

“ May Almighty God, the great Father of the whole human family, Who has confided to us the care of this dear child for a season, and Who now calls him from us, receive him in mercy to Himself, and bless him with His own eternal presence, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

Square. Up to the time of his residence in London, John Hannah's education was mainly conducted by his father. This, though it preserved him from the temptations to which boy-life at school is subjected, was not altogether to his advantage, as will appear from the following sketch of the Archdeacon's boyhood, kindly supplied by one who, of all men, was most competent to write it, Canon Gregory, his brother-in-law, who elsewhere describes him as "my earliest and closest friend, with whom I have been intimately associated from my earliest childhood, to whom I am deeply indebted for guiding me into taking the most momentous step of my life, admission into the ministry of Christ's Church."¹ "As a boy," Canon Gregory writes, "he was shy, with no love for the ordinary games and active pursuits in which most boys delight. He much preferred taking a book and poring over it to any kind of games. I do not suppose that he ever played a game of football or cricket in his life. His father taught him during the earlier years of his life; and his father, though well-informed, and with some knowledge of English literature, was never what

¹ Funeral Sermon for Archdeacon Hannah, preached at Brighton Parish Church, Second Sunday after Trinity, 1888.

would be technically called a scholar. Moreover, his other pursuits necessarily made the time he could give to his son's education somewhat uncertain and therefore desultory. The consequence was that the late Archdeacon devoured a large amount of general reading, without acquiring that proficiency in scholarship which is generally considered necessary for success at the University. He was specially fond of poetry, and especially of early English poetry, and contrived to secure a large amount of information concerning it at an age when few youths trouble themselves about such learning. When his father came to London to be on the staff of the Wesleyan College at Hoxton, his time was more occupied, and fortunately for his son, he had to be sent to school. He went to St. Saviour's, Southwark, of which Mr. Sharpe was then head-master. He saw what a promising pupil young Hannah was, and took great pains with him, and to some extent enabled him to gain that knowledge of scholarship which had been previously neglected, as Mr. Sharpe was an accurate and elegant scholar."

He remained for two years at this school, and "gained what prizes he was enabled to compete for." Among these was the school medal, bearing

this inscription: "Schola Sancti Salvatoris. J. Hannah, 17 Nov., 1836. Sigillum hoc puero optimè merenti detur." He also wrote at school a manuscript Hebrew grammar, for which he was awarded a scholarship of £20 a year for three years. Archdeacon Hannah always spoke in warm terms of the great obligation he was under to the Rev. Lancelot Sharpe, who afterwards became, in his turn, President of Sion College, and with whom he kept up a correspondence, which is still extant, to the time of Mr. Sharpe's death. Even in these boyish days his future course was marked out for him. "From his earliest years," says Canon Gregory,¹ "the late Archdeacon was dedicated to the ministry of the Church. I do not think that he ever seriously entertained the thought of any other vocation." And we may add here, from the same authority, a remark which applies both to his school and University career: "His youth was singularly pure and free from the vices and irregularities by which the lives of many are stained."

Does not this picture of the shy, home-bred boy, shrinking from rough games, and never so happy as when poring over his books, writing Hebrew

¹ Funeral Sermon for Archdeacon Hannah.

grammars, and devouring all the information he can find about early English poetry, illustrate the remark that he was born to be a student, and that his future career as head of two great public schools in succession, and then of a huge parish which was one of the greatest centres of active life in England, must have been against the grain?

CHAPTER III.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN March, 1837, John Hannah matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford. In May of the same year he competed for and won a Lincolnshire scholarship at Corpus Christi College. The joy which his success caused at home is shown in the following postscript to a letter from his father to Miss Langhorne,¹ dated May 12, 1837 :—

“ 8, Myddelton Square, Pentonville.

“Glorious news from Oxford ! Last Friday my son obtained a scholarship of Corpus Christi College, with £85 or £90 a year, and leading to a Fellowship of very considerable value, I suppose about £200 a year, and, by the blessing of God, he

¹ The writer of these pages perfectly remembers two Misses Langhorne, sisters, who lived in Lincolnshire, and who would be likely to be intimate with the Mrs. Brackenbury, a well-known Lincolnshire lady, mentioned in the letter.

fairly won it in the way of scholarship. Oh! I am glad and thankful. Do tell Mrs. Brackenbury. Bless my boy! who would have thought that he would have set the Oxford bells a-ringing before he had been there a month? In the college of *Jewell* and *Hooker*, remember. Happy as a prince! Treated like an own son by the President and Vice-President! They have given him leave to come and see me. I should like to see him at Oxford in his new scholar's gown, with sleeves almost as big as a Bishop's!"

To this is added, by Mrs. Hannah—

"My poor husband has got into such a *tantrum*, that I apprehend you will expect he will get into an asylum next. I am not elated, but *very, very* thankful. I did not dare to tell Mr. H. when John was passing through the examination, for, though he happens to be very brisk just now, he has been painfully low at times."

The achievement really was a very considerable one, especially for a youth who, until the last two years of his school life, had not had the advantages which most of his competitors probably enjoyed. Corpus, though a close college, had the reputation of being singularly fair and discriminating in its selection of scholars; and as the prize was valuable,

and led on to a Fellowship, it attracted the very best men whom the favoured county could produce. The Corpus of a rather earlier day is well known to most readers from the singularly graphic account of it in Dean Stanley's "Life of Arnold," and Justice Coleridge's "Memoir of Keble." A small college cannot, of course, expect to keep up a succession of Arnolds, Kebles, and Coleridges; but the Corpus of Hannah's day still maintained a high level,¹ as, indeed, it has never ceased to do.

John Hannah's undergraduate career illustrates both the strong and the weak side of a home education. Its strength is shown in the wide range of the young undergraduate's intellectual tastes—a width which is rarely, if ever, found in the public-school boy, who, both in school and out of school, has to walk in a rut; its weakness in the fact that Hannah seems to have stood somewhat apart from the general life of the college. But on this part of his life, again, the best authority is Canon Gregory, who was a gentleman-commoner of Corpus at the same time that Hannah was a

¹ The writer knows this from his uncle, who was Fellow and Dean of the college during Hannah's undergraduate days, and, if he is not mistaken, one of the electors who voted for Hannah's scholarship.

scholar, and who lived with him there on terms of the closest intimacy. "During his undergraduate days," writes Canon Gregory, "he delighted in writing scraps of poetry; but he very rarely mentioned what he had done, even to his most intimate friends, not feeling assured of their merit, and being afraid of ridicule. [This, as will appear later on, was very characteristic of the man.] I remember his showing me some lines in *Blackwood*, in an article of Christopher North's. He was tempted to show it to me because there were some very flattering words about it by Christopher North, to whom I believe he had sent it anonymously; and my impression is that there were several other pieces sent in the same manner. He also wrote for the *Newdigate*, but did not get the prize. During his undergraduate days he occupied a large amount of time in preparing the volume of Bishop King's poems, with a "Life." His great forte was moral philosophy and logic, in which he must have greatly excelled, as his first class in *Literis Humanioribus* was always considered a very good one, though his scholarship could never have risen to the highest order. As an undergraduate he was hospitable, and most friendly to all whom he could in any way assist; but he was never widely

popular, as he shunned general society, and never took an interest in boating and such-like pursuits which tend to bind the undergraduates in a small college like Corpus together."

Another contemporary at Corpus tells a very similar tale. "My acquaintance," writes Canon Buckle, "with Archdeacon Hannah dates from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where we were both scholars together, though he was a year or more my senior in University standing. I did not know much of him as an undergraduate. He was a hard worker, seldom seen in the junior common-room, mixing very little in college amusements, and having a circle of intimate friends outside the college."

It will thus be seen that the indications which John Hannah gave in his boyhood, that he was born to be a student, appeared still more markedly in his early manhood. His love of retirement as a boy might have been the result of circumstances; but the same inclination, when it was shown at college, where there were innumerable inducements to an opposite course, proves that it was the result of choice. And the indications of a literary taste are still more remarkable in his youth than they were in his boyhood. Indeed, it

would be difficult to find a more striking instance of the true literary instinct in a very young man. John Hannah, while yet a boy, though in the Oxford sense "a man," was attracted by just those subjects which in most cases are only attractive to men of matured literary experience. Young men, as a rule, either fly at higher game, or else try to make swans of what are hopelessly and irretrievably geese. It is not unusual for the young literary aspirant to wish to favour the public with his views on Shakespeare and Milton; or, on the other hand, to magnify the transcendent merits of some Maudle or Postlethwaite, of whom nobody has ever heard or desires to hear. But to rescue from oblivion a man of real but unappreciated literary merit, to take infinite pains to edit his works in the most complete fashion, and to ascertain every discoverable detail of his life,—this is generally the work of an old hand, not of a young beginner.

But while pursuing studies so very unusual for a young man, he must also have worked with exceptional energy at the subjects prescribed in the University curriculum. For in those days, when Moderations were unknown, elegant and accurate scholarship counted for much in the Final School of classical honours. Every one of experi-

ence in the matter knows how difficult it is for any one to reach the highest Oxford standard in scholarship unless he has been well drilled in his boyhood. This, it appears, John Hannah had not been, and yet he gained a particularly good first class. To do this, his history and philosophy—on which studies all aspirants start more or less on a level—must have cost him very great labour, especially as he gained his position in spite of the fact that he missed one paper owing to temporary ill health. He was himself by no means confident of the result; and much of his preparation for the examination was done from a stern sense of duty, and was anything but a labour of love, as the following extract from a letter to his father will show:—

“C.C.C., May 6, [1840].

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“I have just begun my work again; but, after all, it flags heavily—‘wearily, oh!’—and I fear I shall make no very great hand of it, after all. . . . I wish I could keep my spirits from getting down, but too often it is dismal all with me. It certainly requires a great deal of firmness to look coolly and comfortably upon the struggles

I shall have to make during the next few months ; and, after all, the end may be anything rather than what I should desire. I fully believe that when a man has fairly gone through all the training which is requisite for high Oxford honours, his mental powers will have received a benefit which they can never lose ; but there is great danger lest, while his intellect has been cultivated, his spirits should have failed so far that they can scarcely ever entirely recover from the depression of years. . . . There is nothing of that free, healthy *bounding* of the mind which always should be felt by those who would afterwards meet with a firm foot all the trials and troubles of life in all this heavy, wearisome toil—this loading of the mind with so many things which meet with no response in the heart ;” with much more to the same effect.

Let us hope that this desponding tone was changed when, in the autumn of the same year (1840), John Hannah saw his name in the first class, among a singularly brilliant number of compeers.

Canon Gregory and other contemporaries dwell on the comparative weakness of his scholarship, and it would be presumptuous to gainsay their testimony. But if this were so, we have only another instance of that indomitable energy which enabled

him afterwards to overcome difficulties in all sorts of uncongenial work ; for he must have made himself a good scholar. As a proof of this, I must venture to draw upon my own experience. Dr. Hannah kindly sent several of his best pupils from the sixth form at Glenalmond, to receive a final polish from me before they went to Oxford. Such youths would, of course, be unable to appreciate their master's strong points ; for logic and moral philosophy would then be a *terra incognita* to them. On the other hand, they would be quite equal to the detection of any weakness in scholarship. But without an exception they always spoke in the highest terms of Dr. Hannah as a teacher and a scholar. This is significant, for clever youths are not only keen, but also very severe critics of their teachers.

The first of these pupils was Dr. Hannah's only son, who read with me previously to his matriculation at Balliol. Dr. Hannah paid us a visit, and I asked him to examine his son. He began with his usual promptitude : "What Greek is he reading ?" "The 'Antigone' of Sophocles." Without a moment's hesitation, he selected a capital test-passage, which contained a dangerous pitfall. The translation went on swimmingly until the fatal

line was reached ; and then—*horresco referens* !—the present respected Vicar of Brighton walked straight into the trap !¹ I showed the father a piece of his son's Latin prose composition, with the remark, "You see there is no absolute blunder in it." He glanced at it hastily, and a peculiar expression came over his face. On looking at the Latin again, I saw that his eagle eye had instantly detected a slight error which had escaped my duller vision. These were not symptoms of weakness in scholarship. But whatever his scholarship may have been, his general intellectual power must always have been great, for his private tutor, Mr. Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, many of whose letters he carefully treasured up, speaks of him as "one of my last and best pupils"—a remarkable testimony from one through whose hands many of the very best men of the university had passed, and who, at no period of his life, has been accused of flattering over-much.

One more point in connection with John Hannah's undergraduate career must be noticed.

¹ Οὐτ' ἂν δυνάμην, μήτ' ἐπιστάμην λέγειν.

Line 698.

This was the fatal line. Scholars need not be told where the *crux* lies.

The three years of his life at Corpus (1837-40) were the very years in which the excitement about the great Oxford movement was at its height. It was the period in which the first of the tracts on "Reserve in Communicating Religious Knowledge" appeared, and created the wildest consternation; the period in which Littlemore became a centre of attraction—and also of repulsion—to a considerable portion of the Christian world; when Dr. Hook preached his famous sermon before the Queen on the text, "Hear the Church;" when the first stage of the "Hampton Controversy" reached its climax. To use the words of a contemporary who was himself in the very thick of the fray, "By the end of 1837 the 'movement' had diffused itself all over England. Every month there was a new sensation, and a new controversy" (Mozley's "Reminiscences," vol. i. ch. lxiii.). "The next year, 1838, saw the burst of the storm which may be said to have raged round the devoted band" (ibid., ch. lxvii.). The centre of the whole movement was the neighbouring college to Hannah's own; and indeed, the thoughtful, retiring young student would not have needed even to step just over the way to find himself in the midst of the battle. For Corpus itself, as well as its greater

neighbour Oriel, was closely connected with what was going on. If the one man who ought to know best may be credited, the prime originator of the whole movement was one who had been a predecessor of Hannah as scholar of Corpus (John Keble).¹ Indeed, Corpus had supplied Oriel with several of its most distinguished Fellows, and so Corpus men would naturally take a special interest in what their neighbours were doing. Some also of those who were still members of Corpus identified themselves with the movement. Messrs. Macmullen, Meyrick, and Northcote, all of whom followed Dr. Newman to Rome, were prominent among the early Tractarians, and were all Corpus men. The first meeting of the High-Church opponents to the appointment of Dr. Hampden as Regius Professor of Divinity had taken place in the Corpus common-room only a year before Hannah became a member of the college.

It was impossible that a young man, thoughtful and well-read beyond his years, should fail to take an interest in a vastly important movement which

¹ "I have always considered and kept the day" (July 14, when Keble preached the Assize Sermon on "National Apostasy" in the University pulpit) "as the start of the religious movement of 1833" (Newman's "Apologia").

was taking place before his eyes, and which was convulsing England. Carefully as Hannah guarded himself, both then and ever afterwards, from becoming identified with any party in relation to these stirring events, there is no doubt that they affected him deeply and permanently. A curious instance of this is found in his correspondence during the last year of his undergraduate life. It was natural that his father, a Wesleyan minister, should watch with a somewhat jealous eye for any traces of the influence of a school of thought, so diametrically opposed to his own, upon the mind of his only son; and it was in connection with this subject that the only shadow, and that quite a slight and temporary one, was ever cast upon the happy relations between father and son. After this lapse of time, no harm, it is hoped, can be done by the insertion of the following extracts from the letters of John Hannah to his father, which will sufficiently explain themselves:—

“C.C.C., Oxford, May 22, 1840.

“MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

“ . . . I am sorry to hear that you thought it necessary to bestow certain rather hard words upon me, on account of my sending a copy

of Dr. Pusey's letter to town. . . . And what was the cause? Certain accusations are brought against Dr. Pusey for running directly against the *documents* of the Church. I am asked whether this accusation is based upon fact. To examine the question for myself would be too long a job, and consequently I answer, 'Dr. Pusey has written a whole book to show that he *is* consistent with the Articles, etc. ; here is the book ; you can read that, and you will then be better able to judge how you are to answer the objections you have heard, or whether they can be answered at all.' Now, surely there is nothing here of which you can complain? A more purely *defensive* book it would be impossible to read ; there is scarcely a shred of *offensive* argument from one end to the other ; and the reading of it myself, or recommending it to others, can no more show that I approve of Dr. Pusey's views, than to read a supposed murderer's defence would prove that I justified the crime of murder. The simple fact is that I am less than ever inclined to put complete trust in *any* set of individual men. The whole Church must be our only teacher upon earth ; and you need not fear lest I should be in any danger of ranking myself with any separate portion of

that Church. . . . I could never dream that you would disapprove of my sending it [Dr. Pusey's letter], when you had many times expressed your great anxiety to see it, and had even found fault with me for forgetting to bring it home with me. . . . I hope you will write soon to me, and tell me that you have forgiven my misdeeds in the matter of Pusey's letter!

"Your most affectionate son,

"J. HANNAH."

A more reasonable and satisfactory explanation it would be difficult to conceive; but it appears from the next letter that there was something more in the matter, though what that something was is not known.

"C.C.C., Oxford, Sunday afternoon.

"MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

"Your letter has given me a great deal of pain, and the more because, from your statement of the matter, I see clearly you have had far juster cause to complain than at first I had imagined. Had it not been for this, I should, according to your request, have let the subject drop altogether; but *now* I feel certain that you will feel more pleasure from what I shall have

to say than pain from the continuance of the discussion. . . . I have to assure you that, had you seen the letters I have been lately writing, or heard the conversations I have been lately holding, you would have found that I have been becoming daily less and less inclined to look favourably upon the writings of the Oxford Tractmen. . . . I cannot help feeling that I am under great obligations to some of their writings, for higher views of many principles than I before had ; but I cannot now, and never shall, agree with them on very many points. Again, let me assure you that this very dissent from them has never been concealed, but has formed a great portion of those parts of my later correspondence which have had any relation to religious subjects. I sincerely hope that you will find this explanation satisfactory, and that you will not now any longer believe me to be a zealous advocate of principles which I do not hold. I acknowledge that I have been very foolish in talking so much about these subjects, but I hope you will never have reason to find fault with me again on this ground. I cordially believe that your sentiments and mine would be found to be ~~very~~ nearly the same on most of the topics which the discussion of the principles of this

school would involve. . . . I hope, if this letter gives you any satisfaction, you will soon write and let me know that I am forgiven. Best love to mother.

“Believe me ever,

“Your most *dutiful* and affectionate son,

“J. HANNAH.”

Then follow two letters written in rapid succession (May 26 and May 30, 1840), in which the writer expresses his delight at finding that his explanations had been satisfactory, and gives at length his views on the various points connected with the revival. It would be cruel to the memory of Dr. Hannah (and perhaps also to the reader) to quote the crude, but at the same time shrewd, remarks of a very young man on subjects which, of all others, require the matured experience, which only years can bring, to enable them to be treated adequately; and moreover, it is obvious that the dutiful affection with which he regarded his father led him to magnify his points of difference, and to minimize those of agreement with the Oxford writers. Still, filial duty and affection could not prevent young Hannah from telling his father boldly how much he was attracted in many ways

by them. He declares that “‘The Christian Year’ is almost faultless; ‘The Lyra Apostolica’ invaluable in many parts;” Tract 73, “one of the most valuable contributions to practical theology with which my limited reading has made me acquainted. So also many other tracts are of the highest value.” “Woodgate’s Bampton Lectures, Keble on Tradition, the republication of Vincentius of Lerins, and other books on this subject, appear to me extremely valuable.” While, “as to Dr. Pusey, he is a man whom one cannot but reverence and esteem;” “he really seems to be a perfect model for a Christian minister; and if he were but free from one or two little errors, he certainly would be more than man.”

Such sentiments, uttered, be it remembered, when England, and especially Wesleyan England, was ringing with alarm at the spread of the Oxford theology, were calculated, one would have thought, to fill the mind of the elder John Hannah with dismay—a dismay which would be only partially dispelled by his son’s general disclaimers of being in sympathy with the Oxford writers, and his special disagreement with many points in their writings which he expresses in detail, but which, for the reasons stated above, it is thought better not to quote.

CHAPTER IV.

LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND COMBE LONGA.

IMMEDIATELY after John Hannah had taken his degree, a Fellowship, tenable only by a native of the old diocese of Lincoln, fell vacant at Lincoln College; and he was invited to stand. He had, of course, his Fellowship at Corpus to fall back upon; but he might have to wait a long time for a vacancy of the Fellowship to which he was eligible. "His chief opponent [at Lincoln College]," writes Canon Gregory, "was Mr. Hobart, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire. Hannah was shy and nervous, and fell ill after a portion of the examination was over, as he persuaded himself that he had done so badly. But on receipt of an encouraging message from one of the Fellows, who was a perfect stranger to him, he reappeared at the examination on the next day, and was elected." It appears from a letter, received a few years later,

that Dr. Radford, Rector of the college, was much pleased at Hannah's election. "He at once," continues Canon Gregory, "proceeded to take pupils, but never having been at a public school, his immediate success was not great; he had, however several pupils every term, and as they were more than satisfied with what he did for them, the number steadily increased." In 1841 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford, on his college title. As a curious illustration of the way in which such matters were managed in those days, it may be mentioned that he saw nothing of the Bishop before the ordination, nor did he attend any examination. The Bishop sent him some papers, by his servant, with his compliments, and a request that he would do them, which he did in his own rooms. He preached his first sermon in All Saints' Church, Oxford, for his brother Fellow of Lincoln, the Rev. John Calcott; his son thinks that he was for some few months Evening Lecturer at that church, the incumbency of which is in the gift of Lincoln College, and generally held by a Fellow. The sermon was hurriedly prepared, but it was so striking and well delivered that a deputation, headed by Mr. Ryman, the great Oxford print-seller, waited on Mr.

Hannah during the following week, and requested him to print it ; but this he was much too wise to do.

On Hannah's early graduate career interesting details have been kindly supplied by two pupils and almost contemporaries—the Rev. Jacob Clements, now Canon Residentiary and Sub-dean of Lincoln, and the Rev. G. Buckle, now Canon Residentiary of Wells.

Canon Clements writes, "I was one of dear Hannah's early pupils, coming to him after the Long Vacation of 1841, when Fraser of my own college [Oriël], afterwards Bishop of Manchester, became college tutor, and gave up his private pupils. Chretien (afterwards Fellow of Oriël) and Morton Shaw, both of Brasenose College, were, I recollect, pupils at the same time. I read with Hannah history mainly, and science, with logic, and I carried away the abiding impression that my tutor was one of the most quick-witted men I ever knew,¹ and as genial as he was quick-witted. I remember well the skill and clearness with which he explained, and wrote out for me, some of the most puzzling historical problems of Herodotus,

¹ The late Canon Ashwell told the present Bishop of Chichester that he thought Hannah's was "the sharpest-cut intellect he ever knew."

and how valuable I found this special teaching in the schools. Hannah's general culture, too, even in those young days, was conspicuous, and especially his wide acquaintance with early English poetry. Just then he was preparing to publish the poems of Bishop Henry King. He rejoiced in this work, and spared no labour or cost upon it. I was able to help him a very little, and more by sympathy with his task than by anything else, and he was ever affectionately grateful for the smallest service."

To very much the same effect Canon Buckle, continuing the account quoted in the last chapter, writes, "It was not till he had taken his degree and got his Fellowship at Lincoln that I began to know him well. My friendship with him first began with an act of kindness on his part. I was going up for my final examination, imperfectly prepared in some respects, as I was not in a position to indulge in the luxury of a 'coach.' Hannah, though he was at the time in full work as a popular tutor all day long, very liberally gave up many evenings to me, and helped me with gratuitous instruction in logic and ethics, which proved very serviceable in the schools. His abundant store of knowledge—far beyond what was commonly

thought necessary in those days—and the singular clearness and sharpness of his method, opened out quite new vistas of thought to me. He was then tasting the firstfruits, both in philosophy and history, of the German scholarship, which was then an unexplored region in Oxford, and I was indebted to him for my first introduction to Kant and Sir William Hamilton, and to a clearer apprehension of Müller [of ‘The Dorians’] and Heeren and Niebuhr. Our meetings took place, not only in his rooms in Lincoln, already glittering with the commencement of his magnificent library, but also in some charming lodgings which he occupied for a time in a mill behind Magdalen, looking out over a lovely medley of wood and water. This was the period of his study of the Elizabethan poets, which issued first in an article in the *British Critic*, and afterwards in the two little volumes of King’s and Raleigh’s poems. These two books are admirable instances of Hannah’s peculiar genius. They show an almost excessive accuracy and completeness of minute detail, which nevertheless does not prevent him from appreciating and making others appreciate the larger features of the work with which he is dealing. I remember the delight with which, after an elaborate dis-

quisition on dates and localities and editions, he would read out some of these exquisite little poems with an emphatic distinctness which gave full effect to all their latent beauties."

Hannah only held his Fellowship for a very "short time. On July 5, 1843, he married Anne Sophia Gregory, the sister of his oldest and dearest friend, to whom he had been engaged in his undergraduate days. What Mrs. Hannah became to him, how he learned to lean upon her and to consult her on every point, will appear in the sequel. It will suffice to quote here, as a proof how he yearned for such a support, the remarks of a very intimate friend, the Rev. D. P. Chase, D.D., Principal of St. Mary Hall, and formerly Fellow of Oriel. They bring out a side of his character which certainly did not appear on the surface, and which is not touched upon elsewhere, though it appears clearly in his private letters. "I thought," writes Dr. Chase, "I perceived that, with all his promptness and decision in acting, he was deficient in that quality which is by phrenologists named self-esteem. He seemed always to desire the approval of another before he could feel satisfied with his own judgment. In his wife he had an adviser worthy of his trust. He knew it, and

habitually consulted her. He therefore felt the more deeply his loss when, in 1876, she was taken from him. In many little ways *I* found the same leaning on judgment other than his own. When I was with him he would constantly ask my opinion upon points which he was at least as capable as *I* of determining. *Ut callidum ejus ingenium ita anxium judicium* (Tac., 'Ann.,' i. 80)."

This, however, is anticipating. Let us return to his early life. A few months before his marriage he accepted the chaplaincy of Combe Longa, a little village near Woodstock. The living is an inappropriate rectory. It was at that time practically held by the Rector of Lincoln, who used the Rectory as a sort of country house, and, as appears from his letters to Mr. Hannah, considered himself responsible for the parish. At first Hannah used to go over from Lincoln College to Combe on Sundays, but after his marriage he took up his residence in the little Parsonage (not the Rectory). The parish was small, and he was able to continue his tutorial work, his pupils being lodged in the various farmhouses around. But he was an active parish priest according to the standard of those days, and was greatly assisted by Mrs. Hannah and Miss Gregory, his sister-in-law, who lived with

them all the time they were at Combe. As an instance, it may be mentioned that the ladies were so successful with the Church Sunday school that the Dissenters were obliged to close theirs. In fact, his activity was so great that it appears to have filled the good Rector of Lincoln with dismay, as may be gathered from two letters to be quoted presently. But first it will be well to continue the graphic narrative of Canon Buckle on this portion of his life.

“Soon afterwards (see p. 35) he married, and took the college living of Combe, a pretty little village, looking out upon Blenheim Park. There he continued to take pupils for the Oxford Schools. I often visited him there, and admired the energy with which he combined the new occupation of parochial work with the more familiar business of study and instruction. One incident of this period of his life I well remember, which marked the strong will that was afterwards displayed on many occasions. Up to this time he had been a great smoker. Night was his period of study, and he used to work far into the small hours of the morning, with cigar or pipe seldom out of his mouth. One day at Combe—I never knew exactly for what reason—he determined to give up the habit.

But his way of doing it was characteristic. He smoked out, with as little intermission as possible, all the tobacco he had in the house, and never bought another ounce. I believe he never touched cigar or pipe again." This is literally true.¹

After stating that his only son was born at Combe, May 8, 1844, it is not necessary to add more concerning this portion of his life, except to insert two letters from Dr. Radford, Rector of Lincoln, respecting Combe :—

" Rectory, July 6, 1844.

"MY DEAR MR. HANNAH,

"It was ever a source of the highest gratification to me when you were elected a Fellow of Lincoln, and it is a most gratifying circumstance that your connection with us is still unbroken, and that the care of our church at Combe is in

¹ In a letter to his father, dated, "C.C.C., May 30, 1840," he writes, "I have come to two resolutions lately, both of which will at first sight seem a little odd; but I hope you will approve. The *first* is that I have ordered a wig, and am going to have my head shaven and shorn this identical week. . . . The other resolution is that I have given away all the pipes in my possession, sent away all k'nastre and cigars, and made a vow to touch neither again." From Canon Buckle's account, he appears to have resumed his smoking for a short time at Combe.

such able hands. I shall be very happy to give notice to Thomson for the sacrament, and concur in your arrangement of administering it every six weeks."

Then follow some details.

"Combe, Sept. 7, 1845.

"MY DEAR MR. HANNAH,

"I am deeply grieved at the communication you have made to me. . . . I shall never, I fear, be able to retain any one at Combe under its moderate salary. But the living is a very small one, and, as an impropriate rectory, is divided into many fractional parts. We must go back to the period of poor Rose, and be satisfied, with one sermon a day, and as to our school, the place from which we lately migrated will be, perhaps, ample enough. But, my dear sir, I have no right to complain. With your talents and attainments, you have a right to look forward to greater opportunities of usefulness in your profession. I am only afraid that our parish will feel more in its bereavement than what it would have been entitled to have done, had you consulted only its legitimate claims upon you. Your labours make it more difficult for me to supply them. Only give me a longer time,

with a view to enabling me (if possible) to supply them."

These letters from a worthy man and a great benefactor to his college give us a curious glimpse into the management of country parishes fifty years ago. Kind and courteous as the Rector is, he evidently thinks that these new-fangled ways of having two sermons on a Sunday, communion so frequent as once in six weeks, schools so worked up that they outgrow the modest accommodation provided for them, are very unnecessary. There is a tone of gentle reproach in his letter to the too active clergyman who had busied himself with such works of supererogation, a hint that the "legitimate claims" of a parish of six hundred inhabitants were amply satisfied by the less ambitious efforts of "poor Rose," and an evident feeling of despondency lest such abnormal activity should make the burden of Combe in the future too great for human shoulders to bear. The young divine had acted too much on the principle of *Après moi le déluge*.

Leaving this legacy of labour behind him, Mr. Hannah, who had never much taste for a country life, returned to Oxford, and took a house in Merton Street, devoting himself exclusively to the

work of private tuition. And now commenced the most brilliant success which he ever achieved. He had already given indications of his powers, as the following letter from the present Bishop of Derry (Dr. Alexander), who was his pupil when he was still at Combe, will show :—

“I first made his acquaintance when he kindly took me as a Long Vacation pupil in the year 1845, when he had a living near Woodstock. After that, I never saw him except in 1879 or 1880, when I spent a few happy days with him at Brighton. But the influence which the dear Archdeacon exercised upon my whole intellectual life was entirely out of proportion with the brief term during which I was in personal relation with him. I had been at an old-fashioned English school, where we enjoyed little accurate teaching. At Oxford, during the early part of my undergraduate career, my tutor entirely failed to lay any hold upon me, and I drifted into an unhappy idleness. I read the ‘Nicomachean Ethics’ with Hannah, and have still the copy (interleaved) which I used to carry in my pocket when I galloped over to his house. He arrested my attention, showed me what logical analysis and method really meant, and opened before me the

way to *think*. In those rough notes, taken down by a raw boy of nineteen or twenty, I find the key to my whole intellectual life. I take it that the very mark and *differentiating* character of a great teacher is the capacity of communicating *life*, and that he is to be estimated, not by the gross bulk of information which he crams in, but by the germs which he deposits. His witness is in the ultimate harvest, not in the momentary sowing. Such harvest as I have produced is in large measure *his*; poor and scanty, I well know, but without him it might possibly have been *nil*." After giving some specimens of his tutor's teaching, the Bishop concludes, "Pardon this letter. It is an old pupil's affectionate, but most inadequate, tribute to a master to whom he is largely indebted."

This letter has been selected out of many, partly on account of the eminence of the writer, partly because it contains the deliberate judgment of one who, after three and forty years, can give this weighty testimony to the teaching of his youth.

In turning to the Oxford letters, one hardly knows how to make a selection. "I can honestly say, and I think you will allow that I would not say so if I did not think it, that you have had the *greatest* hand in my distinction [a first class]. You gave

me deeper views of ethics ; you taught me how to arrange my history." "My name appears in the first class. I have only time at present to acknowledge most gratefully the great benefits which I always felt, and always shall feel, that I have derived from your tuition." "I cannot say but that I am very sorry you should think it advisable to retire from Oxford, where you are confessedly at the very head of the coaching system. Triumphs are nothing new to you, but this success of C——, your most brilliant pupil of my day, must be some pleasure to you." "I quite look upon you to have been my real benefactor in all that I have in the way of philosophy and history, and I can only say once for all that I shall always truly congratulate myself on having had the great good fortune to have known you, and gained so much from you. I assure you, Hannah, the questions throughout were exactly such as a man who had read with you *ought* to have done, and the essay was in a remarkable degree an instance of this. As it was in reality *yours*, and not mine, I conceive it ought to have been no bad one that I sent in." "To you I owe more than I can say." Similar testimony might be multiplied almost *ad libitum* ; but if more were added, the reader might complain

that the dreary work of reading testimonials was inflicted upon him. Only there is this important difference, that they are *not* testimonials. Such documents, as those who have to estimate them know to their sorrow, must always be construed in a sort of Pickwickian sense, or, at any rate, as containing only the good which the writer knows about the subject of his panegyric, while the bad is ignored or lightly touched upon. But this high testimony to Hannah's efficiency occurs for the most part in letters in which the writers are not wont to be complimentary, that is, when the pupils were settling their "little accounts." And these letters also show how deep an interest the tutor took in his pupils' welfare, and what a thorough sympathy there was between the teacher and the taught.

To enumerate Hannah's pupils at Oxford would be to specify most of the distinguished "men" of the day. "He was," writes Canon Gregory, "for several years the leading 'science and logic coach' in Oxford. Quite a large proportion of the men in the first and second classes were found to have read with him; once, I believe, every man in the first class had been his pupil." To take a few names almost at haphazard—Edward Poste,

Leonard F. Burrows, Henry Jacobs, John R. T. Eaton, William Dickens, George H. Heslop, James E. Thorold Rogers, Thomas E. Espin, Charles D. Ross, were all first-class men, and all express their obligations to Hannah. His success is not surprising. His quick and searching intellect, and his clear and incisive method of expressing his meaning, admirably adapted him for training young men of great intellectual power in subjects in which clearness and thoroughness are absolutely essential. It would be difficult to conceive a more important and responsible work than that which he had to do. His pupils were the picked men of all England, who were being prepared for by far the most severe and eventful ordeal in the way of examination which they would ever be called upon to pass; and in many cases their future career would be shaped according to the way in which they passed it. Some highly competent judges are of opinion that there is nothing now like the old Final Classical School, in which the whole results of the three or four years' training of the very best men in the university were tested once for all. And Hannah's work was to give the final touch to the most difficult part of that training. Mere "cram-

ming" would be of no avail ; their intellects would have to be really trained, if they were to have the faintest hopes of success.

But congenial as such work must have been to him, and gratified as he must have felt at his remarkable success, one can well understand that he was hardly satisfied with his position. In fact, he *had* no position at all in the University ; he was simply a private resident in the city, without any official connection with any college or any church. His only daughter, Charlotte Mary Hannah, was born (January 25, 1846) in Merton Street, and was baptized at St. Peter's-in-the-East, by the then vicar, now Bishop Hobhouse. And "he used," writes his son, "to exemplify the outside position he occupied as a cleric in Oxford at that time by saying that there was no place where he could baptize his own daughter."

It would, perhaps, have been better for his prospects in the long run if he had been content to remain at Oxford ; but Oxford, of all places, is (or, at any rate, was) one in which a man of ability—and especially a married man—likes, one may almost say requires, to have some recognized status. It is not, therefore, surprising that he should have embraced an early opportunity of

accepting a post which gave him, at any rate, a definite position, even though his acceptance of it involved his removal from the Oxford which he loved, and the work which was so congenial and profitable to him.

CHAPTER V.

EDINBURGH.

ON May 26, 1847, John Hannah was elected to the Rectorship of the Edinburgh Academy. What his friends thought of the move may be gathered from a letter already largely quoted. "His reputation as a tutor [at Oxford]," writes Canon Buckle, "was fully established, and his day was filled to its utmost limits with pupils. He seemed then quite in his element, and it was a surprise to most of his friends when he accepted the Rectorship of the Edinburgh Academy. His work had been hitherto with young men aspiring for the most part to high honours in the Oxford class list. It was a great change, and in some respects it seemed a descent, to become the head-master of a great Scotch boys' school. Moreover, Hannah's particular excellence had been in philosophy and history: it was not so certain that he would be

equally at his ease in grammar and scholarship. But his energy triumphed over all obstacles. He was quite as successful as a Scotch schoolmaster as he had been as an Oxford coach; and the society of Edinburgh, still retaining at that time something of its old Athenian flavour, was entirely to his liking."

Nothing could illustrate more strikingly the high reputation which he had won as a private tutor at Oxford than the fact of this election. The post was an honourable and lucrative one; and the electors were determined upon securing the best man they could find. The advantages which they could offer enabled them to command a very wide choice. Next to Oxford and Cambridge, there was no place in the United Kingdom which a man of literary tastes and talents would select for his home sooner than Edinburgh. The natural and artificial beauties of the city, the fame of its literary society, its fresh sea-breezes, so wholesome alike for body and mind, would all render it attractive to a cultivated man. The academy had been, on the whole, well managed by the retiring Rector, Archdeacon Williams, so there would be no leeway to make up. The Rector had all his afternoons after three o'clock, all his evenings, and every

Saturday and Sunday free ; so the work allowed ample room for social and literary pursuits. The material upon which he had to work was good ; for the academy had always had a succession of hard-headed, clever boys, and industry was the tradition of the place. The late Archbishop Tait had been at the school, and many others of high distinction in Church and State.

So tempting a post was with good reason eagerly sought ; and Hannah had to compete with a number of exceptionally able candidates, among whom may be especially named the late Dr. Mansel, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's ; Mr. George Rawlinson, now Canon of Canterbury ; and Mr. Sandford, afterwards Sir Francis Sandford, of the Education Department, and Under-Secretary for Scotland. There was a close contest between the last-named and Hannah, but in the end Mr. Hannah was elected. More than one objection, however, was raised against him. He was under thirty years of age, and his appearance was unusually youthful, which told against him. "I was amused," wrote Bishop Terrot to him, a short while after, when he had been preaching at Portobello, "by an expression of one of the Portobello flock, who told me yesterday that they had a fine lad

with them on Sunday. 'A fine lad!' I said. 'Why, he's a first-class man.' After this lapse of time, there will, it is hoped, be no harm in mentioning another objection which his private correspondence shows to have been nearly fatal. In 1847 the outcry against "Puseyism" was at its height. Oxford was, of course, an especially suspected place. Many of its most able scholars had followed the example of their great leader, and gone over to Rome, and others seemed to be on the verge of the precipice. The Presbyterian element was strong in the elective body at Edinburgh; and those who were not Presbyterians themselves, agreed with the Presbyterians in this, that, while they were unanimous in their appreciation of Oxford scholarship, they were equally unanimous in their abhorrence of Oxford theology. A rumour, originating, it would appear, in some ladies' gossip, arose, and spread like wildfire, that Mr. Hannah was a Puseyite. Several letters were written to him on the subject; but, though he probably agreed with the Oxford school more nearly than with their opponents, he could truly reply that he had never identified himself in any way with them. In fact, it may be said, once for all, that such controversy was quite out of his line,

and he always held aloof from it if he possibly could. At the same time, he was very decidedly an English Churchman, and he made no disguise of the fact in the manly and sensible letter in which he explained his views without reserve to the electors. Indeed, one is rather surprised that his explanation should have been deemed satisfactory, considering the heated state of feeling which then prevailed against what was thought to be the slightest approximation towards Rome. But perhaps the electors wished to be convinced; at any rate, they did not wish to lose so good a man on a vague suspicion. One of their body had heard him preach at All Saints', Oxford, and had detected no traces of the dreaded Puseyism in the sermon; so they declared themselves perfectly satisfied, and elected him.

That he himself was not at all sanguine about the result of the election is clear from the following extract from a letter to Mrs. Hannah, written while he was still in suspense, which also shows traces of a feeling which, as we have seen, one of his most intimate friends remarked: "What makes me uncomfortable just now is a regular fit of self-distrust, which to me is always an unhealthy feeling. I lose hope, dignity, and comfort all at

once when I subside into one of these despondencies. But how and why is it that I can promise myself to govern these fellows well enough to produce the effects I want? On many points they know more—I have found that out plainly enough in talking—and it is a great venture to claim any other kind of superiority.” These misgivings, as the sequel proved, were quite unnecessary. But from the outset of his career at Edinburgh he made no secret of his religious opinions. In describing an interview with the directors just after his appointment, he writes to Mrs. Hannah, June 24, 1847, “On the religious question I scarcely got in a word, except that I dropped some hints on raising the religious character of the place, and reminded them that I was still a High Churchman.”

The seven years which Mr. Hannah spent at Edinburgh were a pleasant and profitable part of his life. He took a pleasure and pride in his work. Many highly distinguished pupils passed through his hands. Among others may be mentioned Mr. Peter Guthrie Tait, now a distinguished professor; Mr. Donald Crawford, M.P., afterwards Fellow of Lincoln College; Mr. Mylne, now Bishop of Bombay; Dr. Pigou, now Dean of Chichester;

Mr. A. W. M. Baillie, afterwards scholar of Balliol, a lifelong friend, and the one who, after his death, undertook the onerous, but to him delightful, task of cataloguing the enormous library the Archdeacon left behind him ; Mr., now Sir Charles, Pearson, afterwards scholar of Corpus (Oxford) ; and, above all, Mr. Luke, who, after a most brilliant undergraduate career at Balliol, terminating in his election to a senior studentship and tutorship at Christ Church, met with a tragical end through the upset of a canoe at Oxford in 1861. The high opinion which Dr. Hannah had of Mr. Luke is evident from the fact that he entered his only son at Christ Church, solely from the desire of placing him under Mr. Luke's care, but, when the sad accident happened, reverted to his original intention of sending him to Balliol.

Among the able under-masters at the academy during Dr. Hannah's time, were Mr. Payne Smith, now Dean of Canterbury, with whom, as appears from his letters still preserved, he kept up a constant correspondence ; Mr. Harvey, who was afterwards Rector ; Mr. Darcy Wentworth Thomson, now a professor at Galway, the author of "Day-dreams of a Schoolmaster," in which, by the way, there is a charming description of Dr.

Hannah's next home, Glenalmond, under the title of "Schola in Nubibus ;" and last, but not least, Mr. Gloag, the mathematical master, of whom Dr. Hannah (who had a keen sense of humour) used to tell some stories, one or two of which may serve to lighten these pages. One day he brought up a boy to the Rector for being incorrigibly idle. "Sir," began the Rector, "you want moral principle." "Na, na, Rector," interrupted Mr. Gloag ; "he only wants the taws"—the taws being the instrument of punishment then in use at the school. When Archdeacon Williams, Dr. Hannah's predecessor at the academy, died, it was determined that it would not be decorous to go on with the school-work during the time of the funeral. Mr. Gloag announced to his class that there were to be no more lessons that day. The boys, being unable to discriminate between the sad occasion of the dismissal and an ordinary half-holiday, signified their joy in their usual noisy fashion, till Mr. Gloag rushed in among them with the taws, applying it right and left, and exclaiming, "What for are ye beginning to clap, great fules that ye are ?" He was a most diligent master, and was so anxious to lose no time in beginning his work, that when he had occasionally to read prayers in his own

class-room (which would be the case when the Rector was for any cause prevented from reading them before the whole school collectively), he would sometimes get the "Take your slates, boys," on the wrong side of the "Amen" to the Lord's Prayer: "For ever and ever—Take your slates, boys—Amen."

Dr. Hannah also enjoyed intensely the intellectual society of Edinburgh, in which, as a vast amount of letters show, he was thoroughly appreciated. Sir William Hamilton, Bishop Terrot, Dean Ramsay, Professor Dunbar, Professor Fraser, Lord Cockburn, the Hon. Bouverie Primrose, Mr. Walker of Bowland (now Sir William Walker), Mr. Smythe of Methven (then an advocate practising at the Scotch bar, and convener of the county of Perth), are a few among the many names which occur in this connection. The letters of this period show how frequently he was consulted, and with what respect his opinion was received on all sorts of literary, scholastic, and philosophical subjects. Now we have Dean Ramsay writing to him on the Hampden Controversy, which was then raging, or on ancient sculpture; now Professor Dunbar discussing with him a point of Greek scholarship; now Lord

Cockburn asking his opinion on a classical point ; now Mr. Blackwood on the subject of Keith Johnston's Atlases ; but above all, Dr. Terrot, Bishop of Edinburgh and Primus of the Scotch Church, whose correspondence is most voluminous and abstruse, embracing theology, scholarship, and especially Dr. Hannah's favourite subjects, logic and moral philosophy.

Dr. Hannah used to attend Bishop Terrot's church (St. Paul's, York Place), where he had two pews, and thought there was no harm in the arrangement—a curious commentary on his after-conduct in the matter of free churches at Brighton, and an instance how recently public opinion on that point has been formed. He was a frequent preacher there, and also at Dean Ramsay's church (St. John's) ; but he steadily refused to undertake any regular clerical charge, though frequently pressed to do so. In 1849 he was a candidate for the Head-Mastership of Rugby, vacant through the promotion of an old academy boy, Dr. Tait, to the deanery of Carlisle. The successful candidate was afterwards one of Dr. Hannah's most intimate friends, at Brighton, Dean Goulburn. He also was a candidate for the Greek chair at Edinburgh University in 1852, when Professor Blackie was

elected. He was not in the least disappointed at his failure in either case; but there were several reasons which, after a time, made him not unwilling to leave Edinburgh. Much against his will, he was induced to receive boarders into his house, and though they interfered as little as possible with his privacy, being more immediately under the charge of a private tutor, he never became reconciled to the plan. This, however, and other points, will be noticed in the next chapter. The present one may fitly conclude with a general summing up of his work at Edinburgh.

His undoubted success in the post was greater than his best friends could have reasonably expected. It was a hazardous experiment for a young man under thirty, who had had no apprenticeship whatever in school-work, to leap at once into so responsible a position. His Oxford experience would be a hindrance rather than a help to him. To prepare young men for the Oxford Honours School, and to teach boys and preside over the whole management and discipline of a large school numbering more than three hundred scholars, require quite different sets of qualifications, which are rarely found in combination. His responsibilities at Edinburgh were very serious.

Ever since its foundation in 1824, the academy had maintained a high standard of efficiency. To keep this up was no easy task ; but during Dr. Hannah's seven years' tenure of the Rectorship it was never once lowered ; and he handed over to his successor a much better school than he had received from his predecessor.

The year before he left Edinburgh, 1853, he took the degree of D.C.L. He did so because he was too young to take that of D.D. ; and the academy directors wished him to be dignified with the title of "doctor," as most Scotch teachers were, and the more so because his very juvenile appearance seemed to require something to impress men with his gravity. He never took his degree of D.D. at Oxford. An honorary D.D. degree at another University was offered to him ; but this he declined—afterwards to his own regret.

CHAPTER VI.

GLENALMOND.

TOWARDS the close of his Edinburgh career, Dr. Hannah was invited to spend a Sunday at Trinity College, Glenalmond, and preach in the college chapel. He accepted the invitation, and came back enraptured with the beauties of the place, as well he might be. Situated in the midst of the finest scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, looking down from its high ground upon the beautiful valley of the Almond, and refreshed by the pure, exhilarating air of the mountains, Trinity College, Glenalmond, had, in summer-time, many of the elements of an earthly Paradise about it. "The effect produced on my mind," said an Oxford examiner at the Commemoration of 1860, "was quite imposing when, in this remote part, I found this noble stately edifice amidst smooth lawns, like an outpost of mental culture amidst the wilds

of nature, as if Education had sent forth her pioneers to claim the very remotest corners of the land."¹ Lord Lyttelton, another examiner (1865), describes it as "picturesque in a high degree;" and the present writer, who has more than once visited it, can fully bear out both testimonies.

But there were many reasons which would make one wonder why Dr. Hannah should choose to exchange Edinburgh for Glenalmond. In the first place, there was that prosaic, but very important, question of money. Taking into account his boarders, he was earning an income fully double the one which was offered to him at Glenalmond. Pecuniary considerations, however, counted for little with him, as his successive changes sufficiently show. After his marriage, he was always in easy circumstances, and, except in the matter of books, his tastes were not expensive. But there were other matters which would lead him to prefer Edinburgh. He would be leaving a highly cultivated society, of which, as was said by the presiding director at his last academy examination, in 1854, "he was regarded as a distinguished

¹ This "Oxford examiner" was Canon Buckle, whose private letter to the writer respecting his friend Hannah has already been largely quoted.

ornament." Except during his short stay at Combe, he had never been accustomed to a country life, and had no taste for those pursuits which country gentlemen most affect. He would be quitting an institution which was thriving, and would be sure to thrive more and more under his *régime*, for one, the present state of which was full of embarrassment, and the future prospect exceedingly doubtful. The material upon which he had to work at Edinburgh was exceptionally good; he did not expect to find—and never *did* find—equally good material at Glenalmond; and this consideration would weigh much with one whose own intellect was polished to the finest possible point, and who valued intellectual powers and attainments in others at their full worth.

But, on the other hand, there were two considerations which outweighed all the advantages of the academy over Glenalmond. Though he shrank from all theological controversy, Dr. Hannah was, as has been said, very distinctly an English Churchman, and was always the clergyman first, and the schoolmaster afterwards. The clerical element could never be brought into prominence at Edinburgh, owing to the very con-

stitution of the academy ; indeed, during the last twenty years, the Rectorship has been held by a layman. It would be going too far to say that Dr. Hannah felt himself in a false position as clerical head of the academy ; but one can quite understand that he would think a position, in which his clerical character would come to the front, a more satisfactory one. Another consideration has been already hinted at ; his domesticity, his sensitive, nervous—let us say at once his fidgety—temperament at this period of his life, filled him with an almost morbid dislike of having boarders in his house ; in fact, but for Mrs. Hannah, he would have given up the plan at a great sacrifice of income. When, therefore, the college of Scotch Bishops, in whom the appointment is legally vested, urged him, in 1854, to accept the vacant post of Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, he had not much hesitation about accepting the offer.

Glenalmond is one of a group of three schools founded contemporaneously by Churchmen for the education of the higher classes, where, in addition to the usual training of our best public schools, especial attention should be paid to the inculcation of Church principles. The other two are Radley in England, and St. Columba's in

Ireland. It is one of the symptoms of the revived energy which happily characterizes the Church of the nineteenth century, that in more quarters than one efforts have been made in this direction. The successful exertions of Canon Woodward are, of course, the most notable instance ; and the College of St. Nicholas, Lancing, founded through his instrumentality, joined with the assistance of Canon Lowe, and many other kindred institutions are of a similar character to Glenalmond ; but they are not connected with it in the same way as Radley and St. Columba's are. As an instance of this connection, it may be mentioned that there is a certain prize called the Knox Prize, given by Chief Justice Knox, and open to boys attending any of the three schools, and to them alone. Glenalmond included in its constitution what the other two did not, viz. a theological college for the training of the divinity students of the Scotch Episcopal Church. The Warden of Glenalmond was not at that time the mere head-master of the school, but was also, as Warden of the college, head of the ecclesiastical department, and Pantonian Professor of Theology. He was also specially and separately instituted as Incumbent of the chapel, with an expectation

that he would look after any Church families in the neighbourhood, for whom accommodation was provided in what was called "The Strangers' Gallery" in the college chapel.

The vacancy in the Wardenship arose from the resignation of Dr. Charles Wordsworth, the present venerated Bishop of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane. Dr. Wordsworth had left his mark for good upon the college in several ways. He had built, at his own sole expense, the beautiful college chapel, which cost about £8500, and had been in other matters a noble benefactor to Glenalmond. To quote an admirable article, written by the Rev. Professor Browne for the *Glenalmond Chronicle*, "one of the best exponents of Oxford scholarship and of English public-school life had been put in charge as Warden. He had stamped upon the school the impress of the great foundation of William of Wykeham, from which he had been summoned by his famous pupil—famous even then—to preside over the Scottish foundation in which at that time Mr. Gladstone took so keen an interest." Bishop Wordsworth had, in short, made Glenalmond pre-eminently a training-ground for Christian gentlemen; and no one recognized this fact more generously than Dr. Hannah himself.

But the financial condition of the college had become sadly embarrassed. "We were going wrong at the rate of £1700 a year," and as there were but small endowments to fall back upon, the prospect of the Council, who were responsible for the financial state, was a gloomy one. But they made a happy choice in this, as in other respects, when they selected Dr. Hannah for the new Warden. Here, again, we cannot do better than turn to the account of Professor Browne. "He had a special horror of financial embarrassments. From the first moment of entering upon office he set it before him, as a task of paramount necessity, to readjust the balance between income and expenditure. For some time not all his energy and determination sufficed. It was by 'dogging at the small expenses' that he eventually brought things round, and in this work he was supported and assisted, to an extent of which few outsiders were aware, by the unremitting attention of Mrs. Hannah. The change which was effected in his time in the financial position of the college could not have been brought about if the Warden had not had a helpmate of like mind with himself. Wherever gratitude is felt to Dr. Hannah for the restoration of the fortunes of Glenalmond, there

should gratitude be felt to his wife, who doubled the eyes and the hands of her husband in his long struggle to stop the leak." Among others who were impressed with Dr. Hannah's financial success, so great an authority in such matters as Mr. Gladstone, who was personally interested in the prosperity of Glenalmond, would naturally be one. He told a friend,¹ when talking of Glenalmond and Dr. Hannah, that he had known in his time two clergymen who would have made excellent Chancellors of the Exchequer if they had been in political life, and Dr. Hannah was one of them. The other was the late Dr. Jeune, Bishop of Peterborough. Canon Gregory tells us that in this extrication of Glenalmond, Dr. Hannah developed an aptitude for business which his friends were not aware that he possessed—and Canon Gregory knew him, if any man did; but it may be noticed that, at the examination of the Edinburgh Academy in 1854, one of the directors expressly specified his admirable business capacity as one of the causes of his great success at Edinburgh.

His success at Glenalmond was quite as great, and, perhaps, more striking than at Edinburgh. For at Edinburgh, as we have seen, he found the

¹ H. W. Primrose, Esq., C.S.I.

academy in a fairly prosperous condition, and what he had to do was to take care that that prosperity should not be lost. At Glenalmond he had, as it were, to turn the tide, and float the school up to a higher level. That he did so is beyond a doubt; and the conspicuous features in his successful work were, in the language of one of his most distinguished colleagues, "the energy which he threw into all departments of the office [of head-master], and the signal ability with which he lifted the institution up out of the waters of financial trouble and anxiety."¹ "His eye," writes Professor Browne, "and his hand were everywhere. Nothing was too small a matter for his scrutiny. nothing too great for his administrative power." When he entered upon his new work he found only forty-two boys in the school, and many of these paying only reduced fees; he brought ten boys with him, so he began with fifty-two. "The tide turned in his favour," again to quote Professor Browne, "about the year 1857, when the addition of one of his nephews to the school brought the numbers up to sixty—at that time the minimum number consistent with financial safety. For six years the school grew at the rate of ten a year, till it reached

¹ Letter from Canon Bright to Canon Gregory.

a hundred and twenty. These were years of real prosperity, and then it was found that the hand which could effect small savings could be freely open when questions came of large expenditure for worthy objects from the funds it had saved. These years witnessed some of the greatest additions to the college—the entrance lodge, the hall, and the cricket-field.” The erection of the sanatorium, the introduction of gas, the supply of water from the river, and various other improvements were also made during Dr. Hannah’s sixteen years’ tenure of office.

While dwelling upon Dr. Hannah’s success at Glenalmond, and attributing it in a great measure to his own unwearied energy, his clear head for business, and the confidence which his character inspired in the minds alike of the Council, the parents of the boys, and the boys themselves, it would at the same time be very unjust not to recognize the advantages he derived from the fact that many able and really distinguished men worked before him and with him in the same field. In fact, to an outsider who reads the list of men who were masters at Glenalmond before and during Dr. Hannah’s time, the first impression is that their eminence is quite out of all proportion

to the eminence of the establishment in which they worked. First comes Robert Scott the lexicographer, afterwards Master of Balliol, and then Dean of Rochester. He was the first Warden; and though he resigned before the actual opening of the college, he was actively engaged for ~~six~~ months in making the preliminary arrangements, and he threw the halo of a great name over the infant institution. Then came Charles Wordsworth, one of perhaps the most distinguished trio of brothers who ever passed through a University career; and Dr. Barry, "a Cambridge scholar and mathematician, whose University honours have seldom been equalled, and whose indomitable energy and force of character now render the Metropolitan Bishop of Sydney one of the most marked men in the colonial world."¹ He was Sub-Warden and acting head-master when Dr. Wordsworth was Warden; the statutes of Glenalmond allowing the Warden to appoint a head-master, and delegate to him the work of the school, while he confined himself to the general superintendence and the working of the divinity department. This Dr. Wordsworth did when he became Bishop. Among Dr. Hannah's own staff

¹ Professor Browne (written in 1888).

were men who have now become really men of note; for instance, Mr. Bright, now Canon of Christ Church, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, upon whose eminence it is hardly necessary to dwell; the Rev. G. F. Brownie, now Disney Professor of Archæology, and general manager of the Universities' Extension Scheme at Cambridge; and the Rev. C. J. Abbey, the now well-known Church historian; Mr. Hawkes and Mr. Morshead, both scholars of the first rank, and the latter a most successful house-master at Winchester, under whose charge Dr. Hannah's eldest grandson now is; the Rev. Coker Adams, at the time Fellow of New College, and others.

But, after all, a school is almost as much dependent upon its head-master as a ship is upon its captain; and as Dr. Hannah would doubtless have been held, in public opinion, responsible if Glenalmond had been a failure, it is only fair that he should have the credit when, under his *régime*, it became a success. That success happily continues under the able conduct of the present Warden, John Skrine, also a scholar of Corpus, and a man well known to Dr. Hannah, and whose appointment to the Wardenship gave him the

greatest possible pleasure in the closing months of his life.

Before quitting the subject of Dr. Hannah's coadjutors at Glenalmond, it may be permitted to quote words which show the influence which he had over one at least among them: "His patience with my shortcomings enabled me to tide over the earliest days; and then his tremendous capacity for work, and his love of work for work's sake, began to get hold of the better part of me. In this indirect way I owe more to him than to any man living or dead. And as time went on, and circumstances gave me the opportunity of seeing other sides of his many-sided character and powers, the half-fear which had accompanied respect gave place to a warm regard, and this ripened into real affection, to a degree which he, no doubt, never realized."

Dr. Hannah himself was exceedingly gratified at the increasing prosperity of Glenalmond; and the first ten years in his beautiful Highland home were a very happy period in his life. Not that he always found it plain sailing. Besides the anxieties necessarily incident to the extrication of a large institution from financial embarrassments, he had other difficulties to contend with. "His position,"

writes Professor Browne, "was at times a trying one. With no experience, as a boy, of public-school life, he found himself with a staff of colleagues to whom the traditions of Winchester were sacred things. Accustomed to the rapid movement and keen competition of an Edinburgh day school, where parents secured private tutors to prepare their boys in their lessons, and went to the class-rooms the next morning to hear the lessons said, he found it uphill work to get out of the Glenalmond boys by other means the results which this drastic system had in his experience produced. Swift and sanguine in his methods and expectations, he unquestionably felt that there was at times a drag which tried his patience somewhat severely ; and being, as he was, a strong, true man, he did not conceal his views from masters or from boys." In fact, his almost superabundant energy gave him trouble. His friend, the Rev. D. P. Chase, who acted in the capacity of examiner at the annual examinations no less than eleven times during Dr. Hannah's Rectorship at Edinburgh and during his Wardenship at Glenalmond, writes, "I was, from the first, greatly impressed by his unflagging energy. I remember saying to him that even to look on fatigued me—to keep up with

it was, for me, hopeless. Upon his asking me to suggest a motto for the seal which the college was about to adopt, I replied that I could think of none more appropriate than 'Nec mora, nec requies.' It was easy to see that his temper was naturally irritable. I, therefore, admired the more the control he exercised over it."

There were other worries which were peculiarly trying to a man of his tastes and temperament. One of these cannot be better described than in the language of Canon Gregory, which is quoted at some length because it not only indicates one source of trouble to Dr. Hannah, but also explains lucidly a point which has hitherto been but lightly touched upon, viz. the double function of Glenalmond. "It [Glenalmond] was," writes the Canon, "the nursery of the Scotch Church. Besides being a public school for educating the sons of the Scotch gentlemen, there were trained within its walls a number of candidates for the ministry. Some of these were sons of Scotch gentlemen, who, for different reasons, were unable to send them to an English University; others were sons of Gaelic Churchmen who had remained faithful to the Catholic traditions of their forefathers, when the rest of the nation had become Presbyterian. But

on the manner in which these candidates for Holy Orders were trained, the future of the Scotch Church largely depended. There was much to tempt them to take up extreme views in opposition to the Presbyterian traditions and prejudices by which they were surrounded; much to tempt them to lay undue stress on the externals of religion, which were but little regarded by the more popular system in the midst of which they were reared; and much to lead them to pay exaggerated attention to the controversies of the day instead of devoting their time to the earnest study of those eternal truths upon which the Church of Christ is founded, and upon the zealous and faithful proclamation of which their future usefulness must largely depend. Dr. Hannah's mind and temperament were peculiarly adapted to grapple with such difficulties as these."¹ Difficulties, however, they were, and they reached a climax on one occasion, which, again, had better be described in Canon Gregory's words (in a private letter to the writer). "Whilst he was at Glenalmond there was a warm controversy proceeding about the use of the Scotch Office, and about certain doctrinal matters which culminated in the trial of Bishop

¹ Funeral Sermon for Archdeacon Hannah.

Forbes of Brechin. Disputes of this kind were most uncongenial to Dr. Hannah's temper and taste, and he never interfered with them further than he could help. He held that the college should be the representative of the whole Church of Scotland, and therefore that it was undesirable for any of its members to mix themselves up in the controversies of the day. It was a little difficult to avoid this, since Dr. Hannah, as Pantonian Professor, had special charge of the candidates for Holy Orders." It may be added that the occasion described above was that on which one of the very best and ablest of the Glenalmond staff, Mr. Bright, resigned his post. With regard to the Scotch Office-book, Dr. Hannah was so far from being adverse to it, that he used it on alternate Sundays in the college chapel during the whole time of his tenure of the Wardenship; though he preferred the English Office, to which he had been accustomed.

That his work in the theological department was appreciated, the following letters from two eminent clergymen who were trained under him at Glenalmond—Dr. Nicolson, Dean of Brechin, and Canon MacColl—will show :—

"Dundee, July 11, 1870.

"MY DEAR MR. WARDEN,

"I hope you will not think me troublesome if I write a few lines to express the regret I feel that our Church is so soon to lose the benefit of your valuable services in her cause. . . . I am sure I am only expressing the feelings of all that have been under your charge when I say that we have a grateful recollection of your kindness to us, and that we regard your going as a great loss to the Church and to the college—to the former because she has been proud of numbering one in her ranks of such ripe scholarship, and so able to meet the attacks of modern unbelief; to the latter because to you, under God, it owes its continued existence. . . . You must have the satisfaction of feeling that, as long as Trinity College exists, your name will be coupled with it, with honour and gratitude for the work you have done there. I confess for myself that, as an *alumnus* of Glenalmond, I shall ever feel anxious for its prosperity; and as an old pupil of yours, I shall ever retain the feelings of gratitude and esteem which I have always had.

"Most sincerely yours,

"J. NICOLSON."

TO CANON OVERTON.

“Devonshire Club, St. James’s, S.W., June 25, 1889.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I wish I could send you something more worthy of my dear friend, the late Dr. Hannah, than the following scribble. I was a pupil of his at Trinity College, Glendalmond; and to the mental discipline through which I went under him, and the intellectual habits then acquired, I owe, I believe chiefly, whatever success I may have since achieved. I refer particularly to the drilling through which he put me in the ‘Ethics’ of Aristotle, in logic, and in Butler’s ‘Analogy.’ His aim as a teacher was not so much to impart knowledge—although he did that in abundance out of his well-stored mind—as to stimulate the minds of his pupils, and, by teaching them how to use their faculties, set them on the way of acquiring knowledge for themselves. His mind was as accurate and thorough as it was singularly keen. The one fault in a pupil which drove him to impatience was intellectual slovenliness. He would have us take nothing for granted. Every assumption must be tested logically, and every quotation carefully verified. It has been my lot to have

been engaged, at various times, in some exciting controversies; and whatever measure of success I may have achieved therein I owe principally to the habit, acquired from Dr. Hannah, of mastering my facts before attempting to reason about them.

“Dr. Hannah was a very accomplished theologian, especially in the department of dogmatic theology. The Schoolmen naturally attracted his strong logical faculty, and he had St. Thomas Aquinas at his fingers’ ends. His little volume on ‘The Fall and its Results’—a book not nearly so well known as it deserves to be—proves his grasp of theology as a science; and I have often wondered that his Bampton Lectures have not commanded a wider reputation than they seem to have done.

“Dr. Hannah was a singularly well-read man, and was minutely learned in some of the by-paths of literature. Socially he was a charming companion, full of brightness, anecdote, repartee; or, when the occasion demanded it, ready to pour out solid information on a wide variety of subjects. It was rare, indeed, that he was caught tripping, and the accuracy of his knowledge was, I think, largely due to his habit of reading certain standard works over and over again. I remember his telling me once that it was his habit for a long time to read

Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' right through every year.

"Dr. Hannah was an excellent Churchman of the old High-Church school, but with large sympathies for men who were doing good work in the Church, though he might not agree with them in all particulars. My knowledge of him as a preacher was confined to the college chapel at Glenalmond, and my recollection of his sermons there ranks them, in matter and form, among the best I have ever heard. It is, I think, much to be regretted that a man of his eminent gifts and distinguished services was passed over by the dispensers of patronage, while so many of his inferiors were duly rewarded.

"I do not know whether you will consider these superficial impressions of Dr. Hannah worthy of a corner in your 'Life' of him; but such as they are I send them, in deference to your wish.

"Yours very truly,"

"MALCOLM MACCOLL."

Having lightly touched upon what may be called his ecclesiastical trouble, we may now turn to a trouble of a very different nature. There was an outbreak of scarlet fever in the college at

two or three separate times between 1860 and 1862. Two boys died, and several others were attacked. This caused a twofold anxiety to the Warden—the sorrow touched deeply what was in reality, though not, perhaps, apparently, a very tender nature; and it injured what he had very nearly at heart, the prosperity of the school. But this episode, together with one that preceded it, had better be told in the words of Professor Browne, who was on the spot during these painful occurrences. Speaking of the sanatorium, which was built in consequence of the outbreaks of fever, he says, “That takes us to sad days of depression, and opens another side of the Warden’s character. Just when the numbers reached their maximum, the angel of death came—came and abode with us for all too long a time. Death had once before come in the Warden’s time—an isolated visit. Farquharson had fallen down the bank opposite the mill, and broken his neck.¹ The mill-men had borne him shoulder-high through the Almond—a sight never to be forgotten. He had been carried up to his room. The Warden was sent for. The passionate outburst of grief, which poured forth

¹ May 14, 1859. The event is commemorated by a stained-glass window in the chapel, subscribed for by the boys.

unrestrained, was terrible to witness, and is vividly present still to the one person who did witness it. And so it was when the epidemic came which caused the sanatorium to be erected. An unlooked-for tenderness was required to those who had regarded the Warden as a cold, metallic man—a tenderness that, in the hands of some, was almost weak."

This same tenderness of nature is illustrated in a touching letter, written in the year following the events recorded above.

"June 6, 1863.

"DEAREST WIFE,

"I have been quite haunted with the sight of that poor child's strange, quiet face, with the roving eye and unearthly look; wondering whether he was still imprisoned in his frail little body or seeing God's face in heaven. I hope Mrs. — will be able to realize that the latter cannot *for him* be the more mournful lot. It grieves one so to see her so distressed. I shall be very anxious, indeed, to hear, and to come back to you all again."

It should be added that, with the exception of these outbreaks of fever, one of the great charms

of Glenalmond was its extraordinary healthiness ; the "School in the Clouds" had in this respect a compensation for its loneliness. But the life of a schoolmaster in such a sequestered spot was necessarily devoid of incident worth recording in a memoir. It will suffice to give the following picture of Dr. Hannah, drawn from the pupils' point of view. The writer is Mr. Henry Primrose, C.S.I., the present permanent head of her Majesty's Board of Works, and for many years private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, and to the Marquis of Ripon when Governor-General of India.

"I was at Glenalmond," he writes, "from 1855 to 1864, during the whole of which time Dr. Hannah was head-master. For the first six years I only knew him as 'the Warden,' and a very formidable person we thought him. His keen glance, and alert, rapid manner made us feel that there was no evading his vigilance, and his appearance on the scene always put us on our best behaviour. From 1861 to 1864 I was in his class, and had the advantage of being directly under his tuition. And a great advantage it was ; for he made us work, and taught us how to work. During that time, I learnt to regard him with less fear, and with more and more affection. For one began

to find out that his fierceness was all in his manner and appearance, and that his nature was essentially kind and gentle. One recognized, too, how keenly he sympathized with us in all our interests. It always touches me to recall how much he was affected by our success or failure in our cricket-matches against other schools and clubs. If we lost, he was depressed and stern. Good cricket was almost as strong a recommendation as good scholarship. All that I have seen of him in recent years has only deepened that impression of the sympathetic and gentle nature of his character. [Mr. Primrose was a frequent visitor both at Brighton and Heaslands.] To me personally he showed it in a marked way on one occasion, when I was ill, and when he and Mrs. Hannah took me into their own house, and treated me with as much kindness as if I had been their own child. I always feel I owe them a deep debt of gratitude on that account, and I also feel much gratitude to him for the excellence of the training that he gave us."

Among the pupils of Dr. Hannah at Glenalmond who afterwards became noted, besides the writer of the above letter, may be mentioned Lord Elgin, Lord Dalrymple, the late Bishop of Tasmania (Dr.

Sandford), the Provost of St. Ninian's, Perth, and Mr. Alexander Young, a rising Chancery barrister, eldest son of the present Lord Young (then a very able advocate at the Scotch Bar). Both father and son have frequently expressed to the present writer the very high opinion they had of Dr. Hannah's intellectual and moral character.

In the solitude of his mountain home Dr. Hannah might have passed the remainder of his days—

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

But it would have been a distinct loss to the Church at large, if an able and earnest man in the very prime of life had been content to do so; and he wisely took care to keep to some extent in touch with the world beyond the Perthshire Highlands, and also with the Church beyond the Scottish border. In 1862 he preached the Bampton Lectures, making five journeys between Glenalmond and Oxford in order to enable him to do so. On two other occasions also he went to preach before the University, and on another occasion he preached the Ember Lectures at Cuddesdon, on the invitation of Dr. King, then the much-beloved Principal of the College, now Bishop of Lincoln. The examiners who came annually to

Glenalmond (his old friend, Dr. Chase, frequently ; another old friend, Canon Buckle ; Lord Lyttelton on one occasion, at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, his brother-in-law, and others) kept him *en rapport* with the English Church and Universities. On one such occasion, in 1865, the present writer happened to be staying in the house, and he well remembers how the Warden seemed to enjoy conversing with Lord Lyttelton. Both were good talkers, and it was most interesting to listen to their conversation.

Dr. Hannah also utilized the vacations so as to prevent him from lapsing into the recluse. The winter holidays he almost always spent in Edinburgh, partly in order to enjoy the intellectual society which he had so much appreciated during his residence there, and partly because he considered it of importance that he should do so in order to keep up the connection of the school. During the summer holidays he occasionally travelled, and sometimes led a quiet life at home, but more frequently occupied them in paying country visits. And here it may be noted that, though Dr. Hannah's connections belonged to the middle rather than to the aristocratic class, he, with his family, entered into the higher society, and was always an honoured guest there. He much

enjoyed these summer visits to country houses, as the following letter to his father shows :—

“ September 8, 1866.

“ MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

“ We are now all safe at home again. We have had most pleasant visits to the very end. At Dunikeir, Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta were staying with us ; and whatever one may think of the Dean's theology, there is no doubt that he is very interesting company. At Fingask Castle our excellent old friends are all thorough Jacobites. The castle is crowded with antiquities of the most curious and genuine sort, Queen Mary's own crystal watch, all the Stuart relics, an armoury, and books and pictures without end. The rooms we used were once slept in by James VIII., and Prince Charles's own camp-bed was in the next room. But the old ladies, Sir Patrick's sisters, were the grandest curiosities of all, with their quaint Tory songs and old-world stories. They devoted themselves to us ; took us one day to visit Lord and Lady Kinnaird (who have a very fine picture-gallery of the more modern sort), and got in most of the neighbourhood to dine.

“ The British Association was a great topic of

interest, as it comes to Dundee next year, and Fingask ought to be its Newstead, if the Threip-lands can be induced to countenance anything so modern."

The last five or six years of the Glenalmond life were hardly so happy as the commencement, partly from domestic circumstances, partly from the fact that the repeated attacks of scarlet fever checked the up to that time unbroken prosperity of the school. In 1865 Mrs. Hannah met with a very serious fracture of her leg in a carriage accident, and was lame ever afterwards. This added greatly to the Warden's troubles. Mrs. Hannah had managed all domestic details, and had taken the most active interest in the affairs of the college. Henceforth this activity could no longer be exercised in at all the same degree, and thus more worry fell upon the Warden just at the time when he most required to be free from it. At the close of 1867 he was summoned to the death-bed of his father, whose biographer writes, "By the evening of that Friday [December 27, 1867] his son, Dr. John Hannah, Warden of Glenalmond College, Perthshire—in whom he had just pride and delight, as an accomplished scholar and a devoted clergyman—arrived to watch and

minister at his bedside, which was a real solace to him."¹

The following letters show how keenly Dr. Hannah felt the loss :—

"Didsbury, Saturday night.

"DEAR JULIUS,

"Your grandfather is sinking fast. I was not a minute too soon ; for he could talk when I got here last night, though very obscurely, and he said all he wished. To-day all is nearly dark, and the signs of approaching death have begun. . . . We had a great effort this morning to get your grandmother removed into the study, which we accomplished. Alas ! to think, then, that the dear old couple have probably looked their last on each other in this world ! I only hope and pray that, when my turn comes, I may set my son as good and sweet an example. He never speaks except to thank one, or to murmur a prayer ; and it was most touching to hear that the day he came in ill, he said the only thing he wanted was his boy—his boy."

¹ Biographical Sketch attached to Funeral Sermon by Rev. Frederick J. Jobson, D.D., p. 122.

"Didsbury, Sunday, December 29 [1867].

"DEAR JULIUS,

"My father passed calmly away at half-past ten this morning, just as the last church bell went down. He didn't seem to have suffered from anything except from hard breathing ; and at last it was calm and quiet, as a machine coming to a stand. To the last we could scarcely catch a word that was not thanks or prayer, or the recollection of some good duty he wanted us to remember, and which he had undertaken to discharge."

As the good old man calmly passed away, full of years and honours, this loss, though he loved him dearly and would feel it deeply, might be borne with resignation ; but in 1869 the beginning of a still sadder event occurred, which hastened his departure from Glenalmond. Indeed, he would have resigned the office before this, had not Mrs. Hannah dissuaded him from doing so. But now the health of his only daughter, whom he loved as the apple of his eye, began visibly to fail. It had for some years been a source of anxiety, and had rendered it necessary to maintain a separate establishment for the winter months in the south of England. It had improved for a year or two ; but there was fresh cause for alarm

in the autumn of 1869, and she was obliged to spend the winter with her mother and aunt, Miss Gregory, at Mentone, while Dr. Hannah was left quite alone at Glenalmond.

The following extract from a letter written to Mrs. Hannah during his solitude will not be out of place :—

“ March 12, 1870.

“ No life could be steadier or more monotonous than mine is at present. Day by day I teach the same boys the same old lessons ; go regularly to chapel ; walk round and round the little wood till I know the little wood by heart ; eat exactly the same number of bits of toast, dry in the morning and buttered at night ; consume precisely six spoonsful of tea per day—three in the morning and three at night ; regale myself with a modest allowance of exceedingly bad claret ; and for the rest devour just what is set before me, never asking any questions, and altogether behaving like a peaceable, sober, slightly stupid, and strong-hearted man.”

Early in the spring of 1870 he sent in his resignation of the Wardenship ; and in Holy Week of that year, while Mrs. Hannah was still abroad,

he received, through Mr. Gladstone, the offer of the valuable living of Middleton, near Manchester. Mr. Gladstone was one of the original Council of Trinity College, Glenalmond, and took a great interest in its fortunes ; he had frequently visited it, and was very intimate with Dr. Hannah. Indeed, it is in connection with Mr. Gladstone that Dr. Hannah's name is best known in some circles. For it was to Dr. Hannah that the famous letter of June 8, 1865, on the subject of the Irish Church, was addressed. As the facts have frequently been stated incorrectly, it may be as well, in a memoir of one of the principal parties concerned, to state them correctly.

In the spring of 1865 Dr. Hannah wrote to an old pupil, then a dignitary in the Irish Church, asking him to vote for Mr. Gladstone at the impending Oxford University election. His correspondent replied that he recognized Mr. Gladstone's services to the University and to the Church, and had, therefore, absolutely determined not to oppose him, but that he felt much pain that he could not quite see his way to turning this neutrality into an active support, because he was certainly surprised and perplexed by Mr. Gladstone's recent utterances upon the question of the

Irish Church establishment. He then describes in detail, with great ability and precision, the whole case, according to his view of it. Dr. Hannah, feeling it was quite impossible for him to give a pronounced opinion on a question so little within his own range as Mr. Gladstone's intentions on the Irish Church, transcribed part of the letter, without mentioning the writer's name, and sent it straight to Mr. Gladstone himself. The reply was the now historical letter, which, often as it has been printed, must be printed yet again, because no memoir of Dr. Hannah would be complete without it.

"11, Carlton House Terrace, S.W., June 8, 1865.

"DEAR DR. HANNAH,

"It would be very difficult for me to subscribe to *any* interpretation of my speech on the Irish Church like that of your correspondent, which contains so many conditions and bases of a plan for dealing with a question apparently remote, and at the same time full of difficulties on every side. My reasons are, I think, plain. First, because the question is remote, and apparently out of all bearing on the practical politics of the day, I think it would be for me worse than superfluous to determine upon any scheme or basis of

a scheme with respect *to it*. Secondly, because it is difficult, even if I anticipated any likelihood of being called upon to deal with it, I should think it right to make no decision beforehand on the mode of dealing with the difficulties. But the first reason is that which chiefly weighs. As far as I know, my speech signifies pretty clearly the broad distinction which I take between the abstract and the practical views of the subject. And I think I have stated strongly my sense of the responsibility attaching to the opening of such a question, except in a state of things which gave promise of satisfactorily closing it. For this reason it is that I have been so silent about the matter, and may probably be so again. But I could not as a Minister and as Member for Oxford allow it to be debated an indefinite number of times and remain silent. One thing, however, I may add, because I think it is a clear landmark: in any measure dealing with the Irish Church, I think (though I scarcely *expect* ever to be called on to share in such a measure) the Act of Union must be recognized, and must have important consequences, especially with reference to the position of the hierarchy.

"I am much obliged to you for writing, and hope you will see and approve my reasons for

not wishing to carry my *own mind* further into a question lying at a distance I cannot measure.

“Yours sincerely,

“W. E. GLADSTONE.

“Rev. The Warden, Trin. Coll., Perth.”

As Dr. Hannah had absolutely nothing to do, from first to last, with the *furore* which the production of this letter caused a year or two later, it does not fall within the range of the present sketch to dwell any further upon the matter.

To return to our narrative. Dr. Hannah went to look at Middleton, staying at the house of his widowed mother, who was still living at Didsbury. Middleton was vacant by the promotion of Dr. Durnford, the present venerable Bishop, to the see of Chichester. Dr. Hannah spent one day with Dr. Durnford, the out-going incumbent, and that day was, as we shall see, fraught with important results to his future life. But Middleton was about the very last place which was likely to suit him. A large parish of more than ten thousand inhabitants, entirely of the operative class, required above all things a man who had had a thorough training in parochial work. Dr. Hannah had never been an assistant-curate for a single day. Among his

letters are found some from the famous Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce, which show that he was very nearly becoming the Archdeacon's curate in Yorkshire. But as a matter of fact, his only parochial experience had been gathered during his short stay in the little village of Combe. And so far as outward surroundings went, a move from the Perthshire Highlands to the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester could scarcely be regarded as a move in the right direction, especially when the chief reason for a change was the delicate health of his wife and daughter. He therefore declined Middleton.

He seemed at first inclined to accept it, if it were found that Mrs. and Miss Hannah could live there ; for he writes to his son—

“DEAREST JULIUS,

“I do not see my way to the refusal of Mr. Gladstone's offer ; but I have asked for a week's delay till I can get an answer from Mentone. . . . The answers to one's prayers are never just what one wanted ; and I can conceive nothing that I should have been less likely specifically to pray for than a big Lancashire rectory of ten thousand souls. Your father, my dearest boy, is in a position

of very great embarrassment, and I heartily wish I had any member of my family at hand."

Meanwhile the health of his daughter caused him still graver anxiety. She just lived to return to Glenalmond, and was then called to her rest. Her mortal remains were laid at the east end of the chapel where she had so often worshipped.

"T.C.G., June 20, 1870.

"MY DEAREST SON,

"And now, alas! my only child. Our darling changed for the worse soon after I had sent the telegram: and went home to God, so peacefully and sweetly, at 6.45 this evening. Oh, how we *longed* that you could have seen her!—but no hurry would have done it. It was the only thing at last we were most anxious about, that she should live till you could come. We shall wait so anxiously for you to-morrow morning.

"Your sorely afflicted father,

"J. HANNAH."

The blow was a terrible one to the subject of this memoir. Both in person and in mind she was her father's own child; wonderfully like him in appearance, but with his marked features

softened and modified by true feminine grace, and with that¹ dazzlingly fair and transparent complexion which one rarely sees but in those who are destined to be called away early. Her mental powers were very considerable, and she had her father's taste for poetry.¹ In a touching letter

¹ The following touching lines, which there is every reason to believe were her own composition, were found in her desk after her death :—

I.

“ ‘ Give me my life, my God ! ’ she cried ;
 ‘ Oh give my life to me !
 Are not the three score years and ten
 The span that it should be ? ”

II.

“ ‘ Why take from me this lovely world
 Full two score years and ten
 Before the allotted time which Thou
 Hast given unto men ? ’ ”

III.

“ ‘ My daughter,’ said an aged man,²
 Who knelt with her in tears,
 ‘ Thou hast no right thus angrily ’
 To clamour for thy years.

IV.

“ ‘ They never did belong to thee,
 No ! not one single day ;
 But always to that God Who gave,
 And now Who takes away.

² Her grandfather ?

written to her only a few weeks before her death, he refers to his "Courtly Poets," which had just come out, as "a work which we edited together."

V.

"The old man paused with lifted eye,
And silent heartfelt prayer :
'My God ! make Thou this erring child
To own the loving care

VI.

"Which Thou hast ever shown to her
From her first long-drawn breath,
Till now, when, in the flush of life,
Thou bidst her taste of death.'

VII.

"Six weeks have passed, and once again
That aged man is there,
And kneeling by her as before
In silent heartfelt prayer ;

VIII.

"But he now no longer prays for peace
On that weary heart and brain ;
For the lovely, blessed change has come
In that short six weeks of pain.

IX.

"She now no longer wildly prays
For the time God has not given :
But awaits in faith His blessed gift—
Eternity in heaven.

He had sent in his resignation of the Wardenship for the beginning of the summer holidays, before her death. But, after that sad event, the Primus, as chairman of the Council, with thoughtful consideration, wrote and asked him to reconsider his determination, thinking that he had now a sacred tie at Glenalmond, which might make him reluctant

X.

“There is within her little room
A table dressed in white ;
Brother¹ and parents round it stand,
To share with her to-night

XI.

“The precious Body and Blood of Him
Who came the world to save,
That so, with blessings on her path,
She may pass the chill, dark wave

XII.

“Which Death spreads over all alike—
Though only to some 'tis given
To see through its gloomy shadow straight
To the bright white gates of heaven.’

The verses were inserted in the *Monthly Packet*, with a request that if any one knew they were not original, information might be given to that effect. Other inquiries were made, but no trace of authorship was discovered. It is, therefore, supposed that they were Miss Hannah's own composition.

¹ The Rev. J. J. Hannah, her only brother?

for the present to quit the place. But his mind was quite made up, and in the summer of 1870 he finally left the beautiful spot where he had worked so conscientiously and successfully for sixteen years, and where, in spite of its loneliness, he had formed some valued friendships, which were kept up with increasing affection on both sides to the end of his life. He went forth, literally "not knowing whither he went;" for he had no settled plans for the future. His first resting-place was at the residence of the firmest and most constant of those Glenalmond friends, Mr. Smythe, of Methven Castle, where he was a constant visitor for more than thirty years, and where he used to enjoy the literary society of such guests as Dean Stanley, Mr. Frederick Locker, the Dean of Salisbury, etc., which must have reminded him of Edinburgh and Oxford. His son was commissioned to try and find a house for him at Oxford, the place which he probably loved better than any place in the world—his idea being to settle there, and devote himself to literary work. But circumstances again occurred to divert him from what appeared to be his proper vocation.

We are, however, travelling beyond Glenalmond, and it will be better to conclude this chapter by

quoting one of the many testimonies of the deep regret which was felt at his departure. And the one selected shall be the fresh, artless expression of their affection sent by the prefects of the school—the boys who, more than all the rest, had been under his immediate charge.

“Trinity College, Glenalmond, July 13, 1870.

“DEAR SIR,

“In the name of the school we wish heartily to thank you for much kindness received in the past. We feel that we owe you far more than we can ever hope to repay; but it will give us real satisfaction if we can show our gratitude in some outward form. We venture to hope that you will allow us to place your¹ portrait in the hall, to be a memorial of the features of one who for sixteen years has been to us, and to those who have gone before us, the greatest friend and kindest master. We bid you ‘farewell’ with sorrow for the parting, but with the hope that in the future

¹ This portrait was duly painted in the following year by Sir Daniel McNee, the President of the Scottish Royal Academy, and now hangs in the hall at Glenalmond. His son had a copy of it made after his death, which he gave to the Mayor and Corporation of Brighton, and it now hangs in the picture gallery of the Royal Pavilion.

you may often think of us as not unworthy of your kindness.

“WILLIAM B. WILDMAN, Captain.

“JAMES L. CUTHBERTSON.

“W. HASTINGS SANDS.

“ARTHUR T. PRIMROSE.”

He had received another testimonial a few years earlier (March 22, 1864), consisting of a clock and plate, on the occasion of all his plate being stolen by a dishonest butler.

The following letter may be regarded as the expression of what was generally felt in regard to his work at Glenalmond :—

“9, Queen’s Gate Place, W., February 24, 1870.

“MY DEAR WARDEN,

“I am truly sorry, both on public and private grounds, to find that circumstances constrain you to resign your present office of Warden of Trinity College ; and I must offer you my sincere sympathy in finding that the state of your daughter’s health has forced this step upon you.

“But where, my dear Warden, are we to look for one to succeed you? None but those who know, as the Council does, what you have done

for the college, will understand or appreciate fully the loss it will sustain in being deprived of that persevering energy, tact, and wisdom, which have placed Trinity College amongst the highest educational establishments in the kingdom. You have won the regard and deep respect of all connected with the college, and the confidence of the parents and guardians of the numerous pupils who have been placed under your care. You have served our Church well and wisely and faithfully, and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity, as Primus, of thanking you for it. I trust that it is yet in 'store for you that you may be enabled to serve as well, and in a higher sphere, our mother Church of England.

"I cannot bear the thought of our parting with you, although I have for some time felt that you would ere long be torn from us for some higher and more responsible post.

"Believe me, my dear Warden,

"Truly and affectionately yours, •

"ROBERT, Bishop of MORAY, etc., and Primus."

CHAPTER VII.

BRIGHTON.

IT has been already observed that all Dr. Hannah's changes were apparently to his disadvantage. Each change brought with it a loss of income. As his son briefly sums it up: "He gave up his Fellowship far too soon in order to marry. He gave up his living to return to an uncertain income at Oxford. He gave up that income, when it had become a certain and a large one, to take the academy, which alone was not equal to what he had been earning at Oxford. He gave up the academy, in turn, when, by means of the boarders, it had become extremely lucrative, to take Glenalmond. He gave up Glenalmond for nothing at all. He refused the very wealthy living of Middleton, and took Brighton, which was never so valuable, and which became less so by the way in which he kept on giving up fees. He

gave it up at last, when he was still apparently at the zenith of his powers ; and at the time of his death, his sole public income was not quite £200 from the Archdeaconry."

But this was not all. From Oxford to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to Glenalmond, from Glenalmond to Brighton, seemed like going in a descending scale, so far as concerned Dr. Hannah's aptitude for the work he had to do at each place. For did he not appear to be more in his proper place when putting the final polish upon undergraduates of the highest calibre, than when teaching school-boys, even of the highest mental type, as they undoubtedly were at the academy ; more when teaching amidst the literary society of Edinburgh than when teaching less-advanced scholars in the wilds of Glenalmond ; more at Glenalmond than in the utterly new work of managing a vast parish at Brighton ?

But to proceed with details. His plan for settling at Oxford was not carried out. He was nominated by Mr. Gladstone to serve as a member of the Royal Commission on Contagious Diseases, which would necessitate his spending much time in London ; this, together with the fact that his son was then curate of Paddington, decided him

to take a house in London—7, Chilworth Street, Westbourne Terrace. But before he was settled there, Mr. Gladstone offered him the Crown living of Lutterworth, which, after going to look at the place, he accepted. Then his good mother died, and he had scarcely left his house on this mournful visit to Didsbury, when a letter came from the Bishop of Chichester, offering him the Vicarage of Brighton.

To offer one of the most important parishes in England to one who, as his son says, "had hardly ever seen a parish or done a parochial act," might seem, at the first blush, a rather hazardous experiment. But the Bishop of Chichester knew perfectly well what he was doing. Brighton required a man of mark for its vicar. There were then living, or had recently departed, some exceptionally strong men among its clergy. Dr. Hannah's immediate predecessor, Mr. Wagner, was himself an essentially strong man ; and it would have been disastrous if the sceptre had fallen into weaker hands. Two incumbents of proprietary chapels had lately passed away, who, in very different ways, had left a mark which will not easily be obliterated. One of these was Frederick Robertson, an almost unique preacher, whose sermons,

even in the imperfect, fragmentary state in which they appear in print, without having had the benefit of the writer's correcting hand, yet rank quite among the few compositions of their kind which are established as English classics; and whose peculiarly interesting personality, remarkable spiritual career, and premature death have given his name a hold upon the public which very few clergymen have gained. The other was Henry Venn Elliott, who, partly owing to his connections and friends, partly to his own personal qualities, held a position of great prominence. He was the grandson of Henry Venn, one of the very best and ablest of the evangelical fathers of the last century, the nephew of John Venn, the loved and trusted spiritual guide of "the Clapham sect" for many years; and brother of the authoress of two of the most popular hymns in our language ("Just as I am, without one plea," and "My God, my Father, while I stray"); he had been the friend of Hannah More and William Wilberforce, and the much-esteemed *protégé* of Charles Simeon; and thus he formed a link between the spiritual forces of the past and those of his own day. In his Chapel of St. Mary's had officiated men of the greatest eminence—all friends of the incumbent

—who afterwards diverged into widely different paths. How strangely such a juxtaposition of names now sounds !—"I read prayers ; the Rev. J. H. Newman, Fellow and Tutor of Oriel, preached." "Robert Wilberforce read prayers." "I did the whole two duties, with the assistance of the Rev. C. Simeon." "The Rev. J. H. Newman took the whole of my duty." "I read, and the Rev. C. Simeon (dear and excellent old man!) preached an admirable sermon." "Rev. Mr. Dodsworth preached." "Baptist Noel preached most impressively in the morning."¹ His own ministerial efficiency and his lofty character ("a mind naturally delicate, enlarged by travel, refined by good society, and matured by experience"²) gave him an influence which few could hope to attain. There was also Mr. George Wagner, who had a remarkably attached following, and of whom a memoir was published. And other names might be mentioned in connection with the Brighton of the days just before Dr. Hannah.

And when he was appointed, there were men of great mark and well-deserved authority among the clergy of the town. There was the Rev. Arthur

¹ See "Life of the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, Perpetual Curate of St. Mary's, Brighton, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge," by Josiah Bateman, p. 120, etc.

² *Ibid.*, p. 294.

Wagner, his predecessor's son, who had already made the services at St. Paul's beautiful to a degree which was rare in those days—so beautiful that when the present writer, even seven years earlier, asked a gentleman of the neighbourhood which church he should attend, the reply was, "Oh, go to St. Paul's by all means; it is 'like a heaven upon earth.'" Then, again, there was the Rev. James Vaughan, universally respected and beloved, and wielding an influence deservedly great and extensive, who survived Dr. Hannah only a few months.

There were also troubles in hand and ahead connected with the Church at Brighton which rendered it desirable that the new vicar should be a strong man. The Purchas case was still undecided, and the excitement which it caused was soon raised to fever heat by the sad and premature death of Mr. Purchas himself. The education struggle was impending, or rather had already begun, and the ecclesiastical arrangements of the parish obviously required alteration. The patron of the living could not help seeing that the new vicar's life at Brighton would begin with a storm. Why he selected Dr. Hannah for the post had better be told in his own words.

"My acquaintance with Dr. Hannah began in 1870, when Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, offered him the rectory of Middleton, near Manchester, about to be vacated. Dr. Hannah visited Middleton, but came to the conclusion that the chill and dark climate of that part of Lancashire would ill suit the delicate health of his only daughter. I should have been well content to have handed over a parish and people very dear to me to such a successor; yet I could not but acknowledge the force of the considerations which led him to decline Mr. Gladstone's offer.

"Short as his stay was, it gave me the opportunity of observing his rare gifts, his varied and accurate learning, and his genial temper. So when the vicarage of Brighton became vacant through the death of the Rev. H. M. Wagner, who held it for forty-seven years, my thoughts turned to Dr. Hannah as a person eminently fitted to fill a post of great importance and of no less difficulty."

If any one thinks that the Bishop was hasty in his choice, it should be remembered that the circumstances under which his short acquaintance with Dr. Hannah occurred were just those which would bring out the real nature of the man, and that he would narrowly watch him as his own

possible successor to the guidance of a flock which he loved. At any rate, the choice was a happy one. Brighton was more suited to Dr. Hannah than Middleton or Lutterworth, where pastoral work must necessarily have been a chief part of his duty; and this was not his forte. In his various spheres he developed so many unexpected qualities that it would be a bold thing to say that he could not have adapted himself to the duties of a parish priest, but it would have been a hard thing to do at the age of fifty-two. Of course, Brighton afforded unlimited scope for this kind of work from its vicar, if he had had time to devote himself to it. But it also provided—indeed, imperatively required—work of a high administrative order, for which the new vicar proved himself admirably adapted. The prominent features of his character were an indomitable energy, an inflexible will combined with great courtesy and tact, and an intellectual keenness and readiness which could penetrate at a glance to the very core of a subject. Add to this a certain buoyancy of temperament which was never disheartened (or, at least, never showed that it was), together with great administrative capacity and a thorough knowledge of business, and it will be seen how

well-armed he was for the difficult and delicate work which he set himself to do at Brighton—and did.

In describing what that work was, and how he succeeded in doing it, it will be desirable, and, indeed, necessary, to draw largely upon information kindly supplied by three of Dr. Hannah's fellow-workers (as they may fairly be termed), who were thoroughly well acquainted with the details of his work, but who regarded it from different points of view—one of them being the present venerable and venerated Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Durnford, *under* whom Dr. Hannah worked; and the other two the Rev. F. A. Stapley and the Rev. H. N. Grimley, who, as his son's curates, may be said to have worked *under* Dr. Hannah. Of the two latter, Mr. Grimley, as he himself tells us, represents the mind of the younger clergy of the town, while of Mr. Stapley it is not too much to say that he was, perhaps, more respected by Dr. Hannah than any of the numerous clergymen with whom he was acquainted. It was Mr. Stapley's ministration that he desired and secured on his death-bed, and it was Mr. Stapley's counsel that he was very largely guided in the unfamiliar, and perhaps not very congenial, work of arranging and conducting the services at the parish church.

Having premised thus much, let us see what sort of a vessel it was which Dr. Hannah, utterly unaccustomed to such a task, boldly undertook to pilot through a sea of difficulties at the mature age of fifty-two. This cannot be better described than in the words of the Bishop. "Brighton," writes Dr. Durnford, "had grown more rapidly than any place in the south of England, London alone excepted. The insignificant fishing village scarcely known as Brighthelmstone had within the present century spread for miles along the coast, and occupied the slopes above the sea, so that it had become a populous town of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants. During Mr. Wagner's long reign, and mainly through his foresight and energy, nine churches and four mission-chapels had been built in well-chosen situations. But besides these new churches there were six proprietary chapels, erected under Acts of Parliament and duly consecrated, with the singular provision that, after forty years, the patronage should vest in the Vicar of Brighton. Districts were assigned very generally to these churches and chapels, but without any legal security, so that the so-called 'conventional' district might be varied or annulled at the pleasure of the vicar of the parish.

"The systematic mind of Dr. Hannah at once perceived the evils of this anomalous *status*, and one of his first acts was to offer to the several incumbents an independent position, erecting the 'conventional' districts into separate parishes, with well-defined boundaries and full parochial rights. But he insisted on one condition, that pew-rents should in no case be levied for any purpose, and that the churches should be free and open to all parishioners. He took his stand on the ancient common law and custom of England. Many incumbents took advantage of this offer, which was at once wise and generous (for it involved a considerable pecuniary loss to the Vicar of Brighton); and he lived to see ten churches in Brighton liberated from vexatious restrictions, relieved from a sense of inferiority, and really providing for the spiritual wants of the inhabitants without respect of persons.

"The old parish church of Brighton, in fact the church of the ancient village, was ill situated, and quite unworthy to be the central church of the great and growing town—a city, indeed, in all but name. Dr. Hannah seized the opportunity of transferring the parochial rights and endowments to the Church of St. Peter, admirably situated in

the midst of Brighton, large and commodious, and which, though not without faults in style and structure, yet possesses a certain dignity, and shows marks of the genius of its architect, Sir C. Barry."

Now, these arrangements seem delightfully simple and reasonable—upon paper ; but any one who knows anything of the conservatism of the British church-goer will see at once that they could not be carried out without an immense amount of worry and anxiety. That Dr. Hannah anticipated, and met with, trouble is clear from his private letters, which, for obvious reasons, cannot be quoted in these pages ; but it is also clear from his public utterances. "I found myself," he writes, in his admirably lucid "Letter to the Lord Bishop of Chichester on the Ecclesiastical Reorganization of the Parish of Brighton," "at the head of an undivided parish of 90,000 souls, containing seventeen consecrated churches and four licensed chapels. I found that six of the consecrated churches were subject to proprietary right, and were as much embarrassed as protected by the conditions of the local Acts of Parliament under which they had been raised. I found that all the consecrated churches, with the one exception of the parish church, were more or less occupied by rented

pews, on which the income of the clergy is chiefly dependent." He then enters fully into the details of the plans, which, as we have seen from the Bishop's letter, he lived to see carried out. For these details the reader must be referred to the printed "Letter," one passage of which, however, we must venture to quote, because it gives the clue to his most distinctive work at Brighton.

"I know," he writes, "that your lordship will thoroughly sympathize with our anxious desire that, in addition to all the accommodation which our churches offer to the rich, the Gospel may be preached freely and effectively to the poor." I do not see how this duty can be properly discharged in churches which are crowded by pews and watched by pew-openers, and when the nominal free seats are too often appropriated by a well-dressed crowd immediately after the opening of the doors. I am far from denying that churches of this kind may be necessary in such a town as Brighton. But surely the very principle of their existence is at variance with the conception of the free old parish church of England; and it seems to me that comparatively wealthy congregations cannot justly claim admission to our few remaining parochial privileges so long as they decline to share in our

parochial responsibilities, by throwing open the area of their churches to the poor. I fear it cannot be denied that great masses of our poorer population have been estranged from the Church of their fathers because they have found no home in many of the structures, in which the necessities rather than the wishes of church-builders have led them to provide an income for their clergy from the rents of pews.

“On the other hand, there are many classes in this parish for whom pew-seated churches offer advantages and comfort which free churches could not furnish. For boys’ and girls’ schools of the upper class, which abound at both extremities of the town; for delicate visitors, and for other invalids; and for persons who have grown too familiar with the system of pews to tolerate a change, accommodation of this kind seems indispensable, and it is only reasonable to require that it should be duly paid for. It seems to me to be a narrow and mistaken policy to insist on imposing one unvarying type on every kind of church. I would most willingly leave the pew-rented churches in possession of every right and privilege that is compatible with their position, as explained below. But I cannot see the justice of admitting their claim to those few remaining rights, in which old

parish churches find some compensation for the absence of a revenue from pews.

"These considerations have led me by degrees to the conviction, that the best solution of the problem will be to recognize two distinct classes of churches in Brighton. On the one hand, free and open parish churches, with no further appropriation of seats than the ancient law will recognize, and possessing, as some counterpoise to the absence of pew-rents, the territorial position of parish churches, with the sole right of taking fees for the celebration of marriages; on the other hand, those private churches the owners of which decline to surrender their proprietary rights, and those public churches which exclude the poor, so far as they still retain the pew system."

The "Letter," from which these extracts are taken, is dated "October 7, 1871," that is, within a year of his settling at Brighton, which shows that he had fully matured the plan of action, which he successfully carried out, at the very outset of his career. Further experience did not lessen his sense of the magnitude of the task before him.

In his "Second Letter to the Bishop," on the same subject, dated "March 31, 1873," he admits, "The difficulties which I sketched in my former paper,

of breaking up the parish into independent districts, with parochial rights, have by no means diminished on a nearer acquaintance." How he succeeded in overcoming these difficulties had better be told in the words of one who was on the spot at the time, and was a thoroughly disinterested observer of what was going on, for he neither received nor desired to receive anything from Dr. Hannah.¹

"Archdeacon Hannah," writes Mr. Stapley, "as Vicar of Brighton, brought about a peaceful revolution in the condition of the Church in the town. He found it one unwieldy parish; he left it well ordered with many independent centres of parochial life. At the outset, when first coming to Brighton, his spirit was heavy with recent domestic sorrow, but with his great responsibilities came revived life and interest; he warmed at once to his work, and carried it through with indomitable energy and resolution: no light task for a stranger to take in hand, for it involved a disturbance of old arrangements, a departure from the familiar groove. Brighton in those days was a stronghold of the pew system; the new vicar was a staunch

¹ Dr. Hannah frequently offered him livings, which he always refused.

advocate of free and open churches. He made no secret of his opinions. This naturally roused suspicion, and ruffled some of the clergy, whose interests seemed likely to suffer; but any temporary distrust was soon changed to confidence. As evidence that tact and a conciliatory disposition were as prominent as zeal in this transformation, it is worthy of note that, while the churches in each new parish carved out were made free and open, the proprietary and other chapels were not molested, and several of the incumbents became the vicar's most loyal supporters and friends." (Among these may be specially noticed one who has lately gone to his rest, universally and most deservedly respected, Prebendary James Vaughan; and Prebendary Snowdon Smith, still living at Brighton.) "Brighton, as he found it and as he left it, presents a most instructive contrast; it is marvellous that so much could be done with so little friction. And the secret of this? Certainly not temporizing, not vagueness of opinion, nor irresolute action; there was unfaltering steadfastness of purpose throughout; he held steadily on his course, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. No doubt his administrative ability, his learning, his eloquent persuasiveness, counted for

much ; but beyond all this, it was soon felt that, however eager and uncompromising his plea for free and open churches, however firm and definite his own Church principles, he was the fair and dispassionate arbiter, dealing even justice to all—not the narrow partisan ; and every recognized school of thought within the limits of the Church could reckon on his absolute impartiality. Hence, in the general conflict of opinion and strife of tongues (for he held his office in stirring times, and religious zeal had a tendency in Brighton to run into extremes in one direction or the other), he was ever the wise moderator, seeking by friendly counsel and personal example to allay discord instead of fomenting it. Who can tell how far the comparatively unbroken peace within the Church's borders, enjoyed by his vast and easily excited parish through the religious upheavals of those troubled years, may have been due to his temperate and sympathetic treatment of the hotly debated questions that engender strife ? How remarkable, too, this grace of judicial control in a temperament naturally so quick and fervid ! Thus it came to pass that under his rule Church progress was continuous in the town. Not that he would have claimed the sole credit for fostering

this growth. If he mainly¹ brought about the building of the new St. James's, the love and zeal of others, notably of the Wagners and the Elliott family, abounded in making magnificent additions to the group of stately churches, free and open to all worshippers, that now adorn the town; but this at least may be said—his warm appreciation of these noble offerings, and his tolerant spirit, where severe and captious criticism or over-refined scruples might have chilled zeal, and dried up the fountains of benevolence, encouraged instead of repelling those whose hearts were moved with compassion for the poor, and disposed to give freely of their substance."

As an instance of the truth of this last sentence, take the following statements in his Visitation Address of 1879: "Above £186,000 has been spent on the material work of church extension in Brighton, since the day when the late Mr. Wagner was appointed vicar, and began his honoured, long, and energetic rule. . . . No one can estimate the amount of effort, devotion, and self-sacrifice represented. . . . Two families have lately stood out as especially distinguished in this work of liberality, in a manner worthy of the honoured

¹ But ably assisted by the incumbent, the Rev. J. J. Mallaby.

names they bear, and the memories of the arduous and successful efforts of their fathers."

But to return to Mr. Stapley. "It is well to remember that the great work of breaking up the once unwieldy parish into many parishes of manageable size, cost the vicar no small sacrifice. His income, mainly derived from fees, was considerably reduced. Moreover, the substitution of St. Peter's for St. Nicholas' as the parish church was not determined on without a hard struggle. It was a wrench from time-honoured associations, keenly felt by many of the old inhabitants and himself; but he set his face resolutely to make the change from a strong sense of duty. The mother church of such a vast parish as Brighton should be spacious and central in position. St. Nicholas', the ancient fishermen's church, was badly placed, and, however interesting, ill adapted to serve for great diocesan and other county gatherings. The attempt to alter and enlarge the building would surely spoil it. Hence the resolve, adopted by no means with a light heart, to migrate to St. Peter's. Here the vicar found himself, even after assigning districts to the new parish churches, surrounded by streets filled with many of the poorest of the Brighton poor, for whom he still

remained responsible ; and the very success of his efforts to form fresh parishes and plant new churches in the crowded neighbourhood, tended to increase his own parochial difficulties, since many of the more prosperous inhabitants had been drawn off from the parish church, and he was left to grapple with an almost unmanageable mass of poverty and distress with the help of comparatively few wealthy supporters."

This leads us from the contemplation of Dr. Hannah as the head of a congeries of parishes and districts, to the contemplation of him as head of his own particular parish. To those who knew his antecedents, his tastes, and his aptitudes, it was really wonderful to observe how readily he adapted himself to his quite novel position. Not that he ever became what is ordinarily called an active parish priest. He knew perfectly well in what direction his forte lay, and that, if he had himself attempted regular parochial visitation, he would have been diverting his time from work which was absolutely necessary to be done, and which none but himself could do, to work which can only be learnt in the school of long experience—an experience which he had never had. But he took very good care that what he did not do

himself should be thoroughly well done by others. St. Peter's had all the parochial appliances which are found in a well-worked parish, and these were all kept in good order. With a firm yet gentle hand he guided his goodly staff of coadjutors, who ever felt that they had a kind friend and wise counsellor in the vicar, but also one who would keep them up to the mark, and see that their work was done. c

And in one branch of the parish priest's office he himself developed a capacity which, again, would hardly have been suspected by his old friends. Before he came to Brighton he had never in his life been in the habit of preaching regularly to a town congregation ; nor, indeed, except during his short stay at Combe, of preaching to any parish congregation at all. But he became at once an effective and acceptable preacher at Brighton. "It was always with pleasure," writes Mr. Stapley, "that the congregation of St. Nicholas' heard the announcement that the Archdeacon was coming to preach in his old church. So, too, his presence was heartily welcomed in parishes away from Brighton, where duty called him, or his warm-hearted kindness took him in response to the appeal of his friends. His weighty words, his

earnest exhortations, were listened to with marked attention. Opinions differed a good deal about his preaching. Many of his sermons were written; but often he spoke from a few notes, or without any aid to memory. Some of his admirers preferred the carefully written discourse, with its close reasoning and sustained argument. Others were strongly in favour of those stirring appeals delivered without book. Certainly, in the written sermons there were often passages rather over the heads of an average congregation of townspeople, or simple country folk; though it was rare indeed to hear even one of his most elaborate discourses that had not distinctly its practical side. His preaching was far too real ever to degenerate into a mere intellectual exercise or a dry disputation. But in his unwritten sermons there was apparently more freedom, more vivacity, more spontaneous and pathetic exhortation; and when he was moved, as often happened, by some subject very near his heart, his impassioned words came home with irresistible power to his hearers. Besides, his extempore sermons were unlike those of ordinary men. There was no baldness, no padding, no repetition, no difficulty about thoughts or language; or, if a difficulty existed, it was that

thoughts were too abundant, crowding and pressing for utterance. The mind was too quick, and worked too swiftly for the bodily organs. Hence those electric flashes, those fiery streams of burning words, those touching bursts of feeling in almost overwhelming torrents, pouring from his richly stored mind, welling up from his affectionate heart, that revealed the intense earnestness and holiness of his character, and took his hearers by storm."

The evidence of several private letters bears out this testimony to Dr. Hannah's effectiveness as a preacher; but, no doubt, the Bishop of Chichester hits the mark when, in reference to his preaching, he writes, "In this church [St. Peter's] Dr. Hannah for fourteen years regularly officiated. A man so devoted to his holy calling, so pious, so learned, with so vivid an intellect, could not fail to preach ably and acceptably. But he was eminently a teacher, with singular aptitude for imparting the knowledge which he possessed. All his life may be said to have been given to teaching—at Oxford, where future statesmen and divines were among his pupils; in Scotland, and at Brighton."

And then the Bishop touches upon a feature of

his work on which all the three writers who are being so largely laid under contribution for this chapter, as well as more than one preacher after his death, lay stress. "It was a beautiful part of his character that he never failed to give instruction of the most careful kind to the pupil teachers of the elementary schools under his especial charge; and when the boys and girls won the prizes offered by the diocese, Dr. Hannah was as much delighted as when his pupils at Oxford or Glenalmond carried off the honours of the Universities." "In the Training College for Schoolmistresses," writes Mr. Stapley, "in the welfare of the Central Schools and the staff of teachers, he naturally felt the warmest interest; the students of the Training College were members of his congregation at the parish church. A duty of which he always spoke with evident satisfaction was his regular intercourse with the pupil teachers. Every week he held a class for religious instruction. He attached the highest importance to this work, frequently alluded to it with peculiar pleasure, and was most unwilling to suffer it to be interrupted by any other engagement." Mr. Grimley, after describing the same work, adds, "The Sunday afternoon service at St. Peter's he also was de-

votedly attached to. It was attended by a large number of girl pupil teachers. He considered them as the most appreciative and thankful of his hearers ; and I have frequently heard him say that their constant presence at that service was a stimulant to himself to spare no effort to worthily unfold to them the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven."

This leads us to the subject of education in general. Here the vicar was on his own proper ground ; and we are not at all surprised to learn from the Bishop that "the people of Brighton recognized him as a foremost man in the practical work of education." In his first sermon in Brighton he characteristically dwells upon the subject. The recent passing of Mr. Forster's Act made it emphatically the subject of the day, and the new vicar must have felt that on such a topic, at any rate, he could speak with authority. Not, of course, that he had ever had very much to do with elementary education, but education generally was his forte. "School Boards," writes Mr. Stapley, "were being formed to fill up the gaps left by the National Schools in town and country. Many Churchmen were dismayed at the introduction of a system that admitted so little distinctive religious

teaching, and the Vicar of Brighton was among those who dreaded the evils likely to flow from the restraints imposed on teachers. He looked askance at first, but as time went on, and the need of additional schools to supplement those already in existence and to overtake the growth of population became apparent, he accepted the situation, and resolved to join in the effort to stamp the Board Schools as far as possible with a religious character." "He was elected" (to turn to the Bishop's account) "a member of the first two Boards, and for a brief period discharged the onerous duties of chairman. But though he was chairman only for a short time, as a member of the Board he mainly framed the system upon which all its operations have since been conducted. There could be no better proof of his constructive ability, and power to persuade and convince. Many of his colleagues, who neither were of his religious creed, nor shared his opinions on the subject of education, not only admitted his intellectual superiority, but gave him their confidence."

But his connection with the School Board never led him to waver for one moment in his conviction of the vital importance of maintaining in full efficiency the National Schools, with their more dis-

inctive religious teaching. Though it is now more than fifteen years ago, the present writer has still a vivid recollection of a sermon which he heard from Dr. Hannah in behalf of the National Schools in St. Nicholas' Church, and of the energy with which he said, raising his voice, "A man who has to walk in chains cannot walk gracefully," and then proceeded to describe the fetters in which the teachers in Board Schools were necessarily bound when they were imparting religious instruction. —

A man in the position of Vicar of Brighton has a sort of hegemony—there is really no native English word to express it—over a large number of clergy, besides having a very considerable amount of Church patronage in his hands. It was therefore highly important that he should have the confidence of the clergy, and especially of those clergy who might be said to be on their promotion. At this point the testimony of Mr. Grimley, a representative of the younger clergy, may suitably be quoted. "It was my privilege," he writes, "for three years to be one of the assistant clergy at St. Nicholas', Brighton. That church, which had been under Dr. Hannah's own care, had then for its vicar his son, the Rev. John Julius Hannah. As father and son were living

together at the Vicarage house, all who were associated with the son in ministerial work were brought constantly into friendly association with the father. Such, indeed, was the experience of my colleagues and myself. With one of Dr. Hannah's genial temperament it could not have been otherwise. His son's parish, he ever seemed to remember, had been his own parish. His son's ministerial helpers felt themselves numbered amongst his own helpers. Every Sunday evening the curates of Brighton parish church and those of St. Nicholas' joined the family circle at the Vicarage. Very pleasant were the gatherings on such occasions. The Archdeacon had a cheering word for each of us. With quick sympathetic insight he soon knew what were our individual tastes and mental tendencies, and would turn his conversation with each one into an appropriate groove."

Mr. Grimley then describes the kind encouragement which Dr. Hannah gave him when he delivered some lectures on Church history in St. Nicholas' Church,¹ and also an account

¹ With reference to these lectures, Archdeacon Hannah writes in his very last Visitation Address just before his death, "A series of lectures on Church history, in which I took great personal

of a meeting in the country—which will be referred to in another connection—and then proceeds, “At Brighton I was one of the junior clergy. I necessarily threw in my lot with them. I joined their Society, which met in succession at the houses or rooms of its members. Of this Society the Archdeacon was an honorary member. Once every year it met under his auspices. On such occasions there was always a full gathering of members. He himself would direct the reading and discussion, and would introduce the subject chosen for special consideration. In the year 1883 the Revised Version of the New Testament was the theme of much clerical discussion and comment. It was rightly thought to be an appropriate subject for treatment at our meeting at the Archdeacon’s. It was well known amongst us that he took a keen interest in the New Version, and that he had been diligently pondering over its leading departures from the text so long familiar to us. The meeting in the Vicarage dining-room was on that occasion a most interesting and animated one. The Archdeacon

interest, was conducted a few years ago at St. Nicholas’, Brighton, by my friend, the Rev. H. N. Grimley, who was then one of the staff of that church.”

made many useful comments. 'His own earnestness and enthusiasm were communicated to his younger brethren in the ministry.' But, as they could hardly be communicated to the reader, the details may be omitted. "During my three years' work in the town," proceeds Mr. Grimley, "I was in frequent association with the younger clergy, by which term I mean not only the assistant clergy, but also the younger incumbents. I thus could not be other than cognizant of the estimate formed by the younger working clergy of the vicar of the mother parish." After speaking of the "mutual loyalty to one another" of the Brighton clergy, he says, "By common consent, this state of mutual loyalty was due to the large-heartedness of him who untiringly held up before all the counsel of brotherly love. That which he encouraged amongst his younger brethren he uniformly and unfailingly exemplified in his public acts and his private intercourse with others. His dispensation of the patronage vested in his office of vicar was always pronounced to be strictly fair. His respect for the wishes of special congregations was so marked as invariably to call forth approving comments from the writers in the local newspapers. And amongst all the younger working clergy there

sprang up a feeling of confidence that if they combined with devotion to their clerical labours a faithful following of that pathway of thought which seemed to be ever growing more luminous before them, they would be in no danger of being overlooked and taken no account of. How could they have any other disposition towards the Archdeacon than one of loyal trustfulness? They knew well that even if they went to him seeking his counsel with a frank confession of ignorance of matters as to which they ought to have had some enlightenment, he would accept their confession as a sign of teachableness, and be delighted to have an opportunity of entering upon a lucid explanation. They knew, too, that if they met with difficulties in their theological studies, the mere statement of which would arouse in some suspicions of coquetting with unsound views, they could confer with the Archdeacon, and appeal to him for his far-seeing counsel, and be sure of receiving sympathetic guidance, the bestowal of which would in no way be detrimental to individual freedom of inquiry."

Among the multifarious duties devolving upon a man in the position of Vicar of Brighton, that of presiding over and speaking at public meetings must necessarily take a very prominent place. In

this sort of work Dr. Hannah had had considerable experience both at Edinburgh and Glenalmond, and had shown great aptitude for it. One is not, therefore, surprised to find Mr. Stapley describing him as "an exceptionally able chairman, who always seemed master of the subject in hand, and prepared for the questions to be discussed. He managed to get through a vast amount of work in a short time, going at once to the root of the matter; in his ~~quiet~~ incisive way overruling objections, and promoting the rapid despatch of business without slurring over any essential point. It may be questioned, however," he proceeds, "whether by temperament he was adapted to face and control a large and stormy popular meeting, where, in great towns like Brighton, real and imaginary grievances are aired, and considerable licence of speech is claimed. On such occasions the lot of a chairman is not always happy or enviable. He was too sensitive, perhaps too impetuous, to enjoy the somewhat rough banter and interchange of uncomplimentary remarks that tend to check the smooth current of debate, and he may have taken too much to heart interruptions that were irritating, but certainly not intended to be personally disrespectful."

That Dr. Hannah possessed that gift which is almost indispensable to a man in his position—the gift of public speaking—the present writer can testify from his own experience, but he prefers to quote the evidence of Mr. Stapley, who had heard him much more frequently, and who writes enthusiastically, “What shall be said of his public speaking?—that gift so constantly in exercise, so flexible in adapting itself to many diverse circumstances, so clear and bright and logical, and full of life and persuasive force. That eager manner and kindling eye and smiling face, who can forget them, as he rose to speak, and with well-turned sentences, that seemed to cost him no effort (they flowed forth with such unlaboured ease), either to express warm assent, or with playful adroitness to expose some fallacy, or to uphold a cause he had at heart with all the fire and energy of his ardent nature? That voice and look and manner, the unmistakable reality and depth of feeling, will be stamped on the recollection of all who have heard him speak.”

Unwritten speeches or written addresses Dr. Hannah was continually giving on the strangest variety of subjects, and the versatility which he displayed was really remarkable. He seemed

equally at home when preaching to the Mayor and Corporation, or to the Sussex Artillery Corps, under the Dome, at the great Easter Review, and in delivering an address to a local literary society, and in addressing the British Association, or the Archaeological Society. The peculiar circumstances of Brighton required a rare combination of qualities for this branch of its vicar's work, and this it found in Dr. Hannah. A steady and almost voracious devourer of books, he was always the reverse of a book-worm. Though far ahead of most of those with whom he was thrown into contact in all sorts of literature, he was never up in the clouds—his feet always touched the solid ground; he was always the shrewd, practical man of business. In fact, if one may venture to say so, when Brighton gained Dr. Hannah for its vicar, it gained what, in one respect, it could hardly with reason have expected. An important Church centre might fairly think itself entitled to have for its head a good preacher, or a good organizer, or a good man of business, or a good parish priest. But, as Mr. Stapley says, "Brighton is often chosen as the meeting-place of one of our great societies, scientific, medical, or literary;" and Brighton could hardly have

expected that it would be able to produce a vicar who could thoroughly hold his own with its learned visitors on their own grounds. Well may Mr. Stapley say, "His presence was always acceptable, and lent an added grace and dignity to the welcome given by the town authorities." The same intellectual pre-eminence rendered his aid peculiarly valuable in such local matters as the Free Library, the Museum, the Literary Society of young men. His inaugural address to the last-named is a ~~most~~ happy instance both of the way in which a clergyman may utilize such an opportunity for furthering the work of his own proper province, and also of that intellectual conscientiousness, if one may use the expression, which led him to put forth his full strength, and give his best work for an occasion for which some men of his calibre would have thought that a much more superficial and less elaborate address would suffice. There is hardly one of his compositions which shows more traces of careful thought and well-polished style than this does.

Dr. Hannah's work as a clergyman was by no means confined to that which devolved upon him as Vicar of Brighton. Immediately after his appointment to the Vicarage he was made a rural dean, and from the first took a large share in

diocesan business. In 1874 he was appointed to the prebendal stall of Sidlesham in Chichester Cathedral, and "in 1876," writes the Bishop, "to my great satisfaction, he became Archdeacon of Lewes. If the choice of an Archdeacon had been left to the clergy, they surely would have elected him as the man best qualified for that office. There was not a single church in his large and populous archdeaconry which he did not personally visit, carefully observing and recording whatever in each case was of interest. His annual charges were no commonplace addresses, but always full of matter well digested and perfectly ordered, often rising from local topics to the discussion of loftier subjects touching the highest interests of the Church. Or he would give his advice as to the composition of sermons, and their adaptation to the circumstances and quality of parishes; advice very valuable as coming from one who spoke with the keenness of subtle observation and the authority of long and diversified experience. His help in the diocese, as a wise, discreet counsellor, a trusty coadjutor, a capable administrator, and, above all, a sure and true friend, was invaluable. He was at once the eye and the right hand of his diocesan."

His archidiaconal work was not only a duty but

a delight to him. "He greatly enjoyed it," writes his son. "I drove him about in my dogcart with a pair of strong horses, and we covered fabulous distances. In this way he visited every church in the archdeaconry, most of them several times over. For three summers, by the kind co-operation of the Rev. J. Warner, one of the rural deans, we occupied the Rectory house at Sedlescombe, for the purpose of being in the middle of that part of the archdeaconry. My father used to do the Sunday duty in the little village church, and we used to drive all over the country during the week. He used to think those three holidays about the pleasantest ones he ever spent. The grounds of the Rectory looked over Battle Abbey, and he was never tired of discussing the history of the Conquest, with Freeman in his hand. Sedlescombe was a lovely spot."

Thither Brighton sometimes followed him. "I well remember," writes Mr. Grimley, "how one of the St. Nicholas' choir excursions was to the interesting town of Battle. The Archdeacon at this time was taking charge of the parish of Sedlescombe, near thereto. Our Battle excursion had as one of its features a visit to Sedlescombe. There the Archdeacon gave us all a hospitable welcome. He told us how he enjoyed the quiet-

ness and beauty of his summer resting-place. He showed us his temporary study. 'This,' said he to myself, 'is where I write my charges.' He was eager to show us everything of interest. Eagerness to communicate pleasure to others seemed to me to be his constant characteristic. On the Rectory lawn he kindled an interest in us all, as he spoke of the events which more than eight hundred years before had made the neighbourhood famous. He described to us the battle of Hastings, pointed out to us which way the defeated Saxons fled, and enabled us to picture to ourselves the onward march of the victorious Normans. His description was a very vivid one. The delight that he felt in making us conscious that we were in a memorable locality was manifested by the enthusiasm and eloquence with which he spoke to us. Our visit to Sedlescombe alone made the day one ever to be remembered by us."

Sedlescombe became inconvenient owing to its distance from Brighton, whither his son had to be continually going backwards and forwards; so for three summers they took a cottage at Hickstead; and for the last six years of the Archdeacon's life, Heaslands, that lovely spot which his son still occupies, was their summer retreat.

These arrangements formed a happy combination of pleasure and business—of pleasure certainly ; for though in some respects the Archdeacon was not altogether adapted for a country life, in others he was singularly well qualified for enjoying it. He had a keen appreciation of the beauties of scenery, viewing it, however, not merely from the standpoint of the lover of the picturesque, but from that of the intelligent observer of the peculiarities of nature. The natural features of the fair county of Sussex were vividly described by him in a paper which was, no doubt, the fruits of his archidiaconal tours, and a short quotation from this paper will best illustrate what is meant. After writing with enthusiasm of “ the fair scenes and rich historical remains of one of the most favoured counties in England,” he proceeds to describe them in detail. “ From east to west the natural divisions are four ; but the four divisions are not equal in length, nor uniform in direction. Their lines do not follow the parallels of latitude, but trend rather from the south-east to the north-west. First, the forest ridge, on the Hastings sand, extends from Hastings to East Grinstead, and connects itself on the west with the remains of the forests of Ashdown, Tilgate, and St. Leonard’s,

by Horsham. Next, the Weald stretches along the clays from the broad seaward opening of the bay at Pevensey, as far as Petersfield, in Hampshire—a scene of rich and varied beauty. Most visitors to Sussex have surveyed it from the Dyke, with its picturesque alternations of field and wood, the gold of the corn-lands and the verdure of the meadows broken here and there by the red roofs and pointed spires of villages, or the gables of some ancient hall. Thirdly, come the South Downs—our own familiar South Downs; that ‘chain of majestic mountains,’ as Gilbert White too grandly called them; the chalk hills which stretch away, with their rolling succession of calm beauties, from Beachy Head along Sussex, and across Hampshire, to find their western termination in the uplands of Salisbury Plain and the Marlborough Downs. The fourth division reaches from Brighton to the south-west corner of the county, and consists in the gravel of the Sussex level by the sea.” But his enthusiasm reaches its climax when he writes of the archæological and historical interest of the locality. Battle and Pevensey and Cowdray all come before us in rapid survey, and then, as if not knowing where to stop, “How,” he asks, “could I write, within any reasonable limits, of the ruins of

Bodiam and Hurstmonceaux, or of the still flourishing houses, with their treasures, of Goodwood, and Parham, and Petworth, and Wiston? How guide the reader to the birthplaces of Collins and Shelley, or to the graves of Wilberforce and Hare and Gibbon? The churches of Sussex would require a whole long paper to themselves, so full are they of antiquarian interest; so rich in every stage of architectural construction—from the great Norman nave of the cathedral, or the noble fragments at Winchelsea and Shoreham and Boxgrove, down to the purest examples of the simplest Early English churches, nestling in their quiet combs among the downs.”¹

Before we pass on to a more important feature of Dr. Hannah’s archidiaconal career, let us note two things: first, how thoroughly he seems to identify himself with the county of his later years—he writes as if he were a Sussex man born and bred, who feels a justifiable pride in his home; and secondly, the fire and vigour of the “old man eloquent,” for he was rapidly approaching the allotted age of man when he wrote with all this youthful ardour.

¹ Art. III., “Sussex: Notes of Scenery, Archæology, and History,” in the *Churchman* for November, 1886.

But he never forgot what his main business was in these delightful rambles through the county of his adoption. He set before him a high standard of an Archdeacon's duties. "An Archdeacon, as you all know, is simply one of the presbyters of the diocese, whom the Bishop entrusts with certain well-defined administrative duties, especially in regard to the fabrics of churches, and the external order and regularity of services. As far back as the days of St. Richard of Chichester, it was the business of Archdeacons, just as it is now, 'to visit the churches regularly, to see that the services were duly ministered, the vessels and vestments in proper order,' the rules of service 'correctly observed,' and the service itself 'distinctly read.' An Archdeacon's Visitation, then, in its strictest and most exact sense, consists not so much in these formal meetings which he holds at stated periods and at certain centres, as in his personal inspection of each separate church, each separate parsonage, each separate graveyard. It has been an occupation which your kindness has rendered most delightful to me, to fulfil this duty as far as I could, by going from one parish to another through the eastern portion of this pleasant county."¹

¹ Address at the Annual Visitation, 1879.

At the same time, the Archdeacon took care that his Annual Visitation to the archdeaconry generally, as well as his visitations to each parish in particular, should be strictly practical. He had no false delicacy about speaking out with remarkable plainness concerning what he found amiss. On two points he could speak with a peculiarly good grace, considering what his own practice was. He waged internecine war against pew-rents in old parish churches, which, "whether directly or indirectly levied, are as clearly against the law of England as we believe them to be against sound policy, and the law of the Gospel." It was "a system unknown to law and antiquity, and condemned, almost in express terms, by the Word of God,"—and much more to the same effect (Address for 1879). On another occasion (1882) he complains, "It is most discouraging to be still reminded, both by the reports of our inspectors, and by the complaints of training colleges, that the duty of instructing their pupil teachers in religious knowledge is still far too often neglected by the clergy." And on another (1880), "There are still some country churches which sorely need the careful hand of the judicious restorer; churches, in one or two instances, looking so sad

and mournful in their neglect and decay, that even the staunchest anti-restorationists could view them with no other feeling than regret." And again (1880), he complains bitterly of the inadequate support which the Chichester Diocesan Association received. On the whole, however, the tone of these addresses is increasingly hopeful, while their matter is always interesting and instructive.

In the present writer's opinion, the most touching words he ever wrote were those of the last paragraph of the last of these Visitation Addresses, which, for more reasons than one, require to be quoted in full in any memoir of Dr. Hannah: "To the young clergy I would say, make the most of your privileges in work as well as study, by visiting your people with regularity and earnestness—you that are so highly favoured as to be called to spend your youth in the happy discharge of pastoral duties. The lots of some of the older clergy have sometimes been cast in different spheres. Each lot has its own blessings, and no one should repine. But we cannot place too high an estimate on the advantages you gain by constant acquaintance with all classes at their homes, and especially by your experience from the outset in the needs of the sick and dying. Let that

deeply interesting experience sink deep into your hearts, and when the time for teaching comes round in its turn, look first for your materials into your own hearts, as instructed in the school of sorrow and the school of Christ. 'Many a man,' says a writer whom I have already quoted, 'without genius, scholarship, or fancy, has gained, by plain honesty, patience, and common sense, a power over the human heart, and a power over his work, which his more accomplished brethren can only admire afar off.' It has been prophesied that later ages will probably dwell most, when recounting the virtues of the clergy of our time, on the services which they have rendered in promoting the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of the poor. These good works will retain a fragrant memory when the kindly hand of time has drawn a veil over the history of our jarring contentions, and when speculations, which now rank high among the interests of the period, will be altogether superseded and forgotten."

This was his last utterance as Archdeacon of Lewes; he was virtually a dying man when he wrote the words, and he was unable personally to deliver them to those to whom they were addressed. But is it not a remarkable coincidence that in these,

his last words to the clergy, he should have touched upon the two very points which impress one most forcibly in his own history as a clergyman? Nothing is more striking in that history than the way in which he adapted himself to his position, though he had not been (to use his own words) "so highly favoured as to be called to spend his youth in the happy discharge of pastoral duties." Again, what contributed largely to his success at Brighton was his determination to recognize practical work, in whatever Church party it might be found; this point has been commented on, as the reader of the preceding pages will have observed, by all who have described Dr. Hannah's work at Brighton. Partly from a noble wish to be fair all round, partly from that natural indisposition, to which Canon Gregory refers in the early part of this sketch, to mix himself up with the ecclesiastical controversies of the day, he always acted on the principles of the last two sentences of his last address. It would therefore have been impossible for two more characteristic sentiments to have been uttered than those which closed his career as Archdeacon; and we shall see that there was a similar appropriateness in the last words which he uttered in connection with the parish church of Brighton.

But before we come to this last utterance, there are yet some other phases of his many-sided life to be described. As Archdeacon of Lewes, Dr. Hannah also became an *ex-officio* member of Convocation, and his attendances were most regular. "He was," writes Canon Gregory, "an infrequent speaker, as if it was an effort to him to throw himself actively into the debates; but when he did speak, he spoke most effectively. He was always listened to with interest and respect, and had a recognized place in Convocation as a man who had made his mark in the world, and whose words were worth listening to. As a mark of the appreciation in which he was held, he was appointed chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on the death of Archdeacon Harrison, and there was no member of the House who had a more accurate knowledge of the Bills introduced into Parliament which affected the interests of the Church, or who was better able to give a succinct summary of their contents. This office he held for a comparatively short time, to the great loss of Convocation. Perhaps I should add that his speeches in Convocation were marked with this peculiarity, that he always seemed to warm with his subject, and as he proceeded there was a great

increase in the fervour and animation which he threw into what he said. It seemed as though it had been some effort to him to resolve to speak, but when he had begun, the thoughts flowed with a rapidity and warmth that carried him away, and impressed his hearers with a sense of the reality and of the conviction with which he spoke."

Dr. Hannah was a frequent preacher outside his own parish. For many years after his appointment as Archdeacon, the Bishop used to preach in the morning, and he in the evening, at the consecration or reopening of almost every church. He was also in the habit of preaching from time to time, and sometimes courses of sermons, at St. Paul's Cathedral; and was very often invited to read papers at Church Congresses—an invitation which he rarely refused. He was also chairman of the editorial committee of the Official Year-Book of the Church of England—an office which at times involved a considerable amount of responsibility. In short, his life, and especially the later part of it, was one incessant round of active labour, and it was wonderful to see how he maintained his buoyancy and cheerfulness through it all. The last time the present writer saw him was at a public dinner of the past and present

members of Lincoln College, the summer before his death ; on which occasion he made one of the longest and best speeches of the evening, and was in as high spirits as any undergraduate in the room. No one would have thought that he had the cares of one of the largest parishes in England weighing upon him. But they *did* weigh upon him ; and the point which strikes one most forcibly is the keen sense of duty which led one who was a born student to continue so long at a post, where he had to work against the grain ; where, as his whole life showed, he was not induced to stay by any pecuniary considerations ; where, besides his necessary avocations, his few hours of leisure were liable to constant interruptions ; where he could never command the leisure which he prized so highly both at Edinburgh and Glenalmond. The strain must have been all the greater because he could never refresh himself with what are popularly termed "amusements." He was fond of quoting with approval the dictum attributed to Sir George Cornwall Lewis, that "this world would be a very tolerable place if it were not for its amusements," and on one occasion quoted it in public. The sentiment was so utterly alien to the mind of Brighton, which would lose its *raison d'être* if it

were generally adopted, that the reporters of the Brighton newspapers thought they must have misunderstood him; and, to his dismay, he was reported as having said, "What would life be without its amusements?"

In one of his letters to Mrs. Hannah, written at a much earlier period of his life, there is an amusing instance of his abhorrence of what is popularly termed amusement. It refers to a water-party to Nuneham, an event which all Oxford men and all visitors to Oxford will recognize as the supposed acme of amusement, and he writes, "I am certainly very glad indeed that I was out of the way of the Nuneham party, which I should have hated more than I can describe;" and then, a few days later, in reply, apparently, to a letter in praise of the excursion, "I don't believe half you say about the Nuneham party, but I dare say it was very fine." This was in 1847; but the lapse of years made no difference in his tastes in this respect.

Relaxation, however, of another sort he did find in abundance. His library, for instance, in which, in spite of the incessant calls upon his time, he contrived to spend many hours, was a real place of amusement to him. For to him, as to all real

students, study was not an irksome labour, but a true refreshment of his faculties. Surrounded by his magnificent collection of books, of which more will be said in the next chapter, he was in the midst of friends with whom he could always hold delightful conversation. "There was neither speech nor language, but their voices were heard among them." But besides these dumb friends, he had many living ones with whom he found pleasure in conversing. Among these may be especially mentioned Dean Goulburn, who was a frequent visitor at the Vicarage, and with whom he loved to talk over the old days at Oxford, when they were nearly contemporaries. Dr. Chase was another Oxford friend in whose society he took great pleasure, and his own diocesan and only clerical patron another. He was a good conversationalist, bright, genial, and ever ready to pour forth the information of all sorts with which his mind was richly stored; but at the same time ready to receive as well as to impart—quite as eager to ask questions (particularly if the friend with whom he was conversing was a specialist) as to answer them; and hence a talk with Dr. Hannah was always both pleasant and profitable. But his chief friends were they of his own household. He

was always spared that worst of all harassment—the harassment of domestic discord. No clouds of sorrow, except those which sickness and death bring—and of these he had his full share—ever darkened the brightness of his home. Not only was there complete harmony there, but the elements of happiness were so blended that each member of the family seemed specially constituted so as to form the complement of the other. This, however, is a point on which Mr. Stapley can speak from a closer and more intimate acquaintance than the present writer can. He will, therefore, be well to quote his description at length.

“But the home life—how far may we venture to raise the veil? It has been mentioned already that he came to Brighton depressed and unstrung by domestic grief—the loss of his only dearly loved daughter. How acute and abiding with him this sense of loss, only those can tell who have seen his countenance change long years after at any allusion that called up this memory of the past. Then early in his Brighton life another great trial was sent to him—the failing health and then the death of his wife; this was, indeed, a crushing blow before the earlier wound was healed, and left him alone and desolate in that great house, deprived of the loving

counsel and sympathy of one who had so long shared his sorrows and his joys. But he was not to remain alone ; his son began his married life in the new St. Nicholas' Vicarage, but soon after his mother's death took up his abode at the Brighton Vicarage with his father. Most tenderly watched over and cared for by his son's wife, a new life soon dawned for him, hope and courage revived. Children were born in the house—how fondly he loved them ! How they helped to restore the buoyancy of spirit that for a season he had lost—bright messengers to him of comfort and joy ! He loved them all, but if with a shade of difference, it was that the firstborn awoke freshly in his sorrowful heart that mysterious renewal of the past ; while the last-born child, a little girl, reminded him vividly of the daughter whose death he had mourned. How merry his laugh when they came trooping into the study—that sacred retreat, where, surrounded by his favourite books, he was secure against ordinary interruptions ! But these were privileged and welcome intruders, whose insinuating appeals he could never resist, and into whose little troubles and pleasures and thoughts he ever entered with the liveliest interest. " They knew their power, and were apt at times " to play the

tyrant; but he was a willing victim, knowing how warmly they returned the love he lavished on them. As with the children, so with their parents. It was touching to see the confidence between the father and son; how the son instinctively turned to his father for counsel and guidance in his difficulties; how the father relied on the unbounded energy and practical talents of his son to shield him from many burdensome duties;—there were “diversities of gifts,” with perfect concord and hearty co-operation. But the picture of domestic happiness in this united family would be sadly defective without mention of her who, as wife, mother, and daughter, brought sunshine into the home, and with sweetness, grace, and unselfish thoughtfulness, alike in public and private duties, completed the circle of love.

“The Vicarage was by no means a place of rest; it was a perfect hive of industry, the doors constantly open. Parish business, callers, guests in rapid succession,—this was the ordinary routine and experience, but there were few weeks without special events. As a rule, every Sunday evening the curates of the parish church and St. Nicholas’ were invited to the Vicarage, when the work of the day was over, for pleasant intercourse, brightened by

the Archdeacon's genial presence, and often with a lively flow of conversation from his rich treasury of knowledge of exceptional interest. Then from time to time the Brighton clergy came to meet the Bishop at breakfast, when he happened to be staying in the house; or the Sunday-school teachers, the district visitors, or members of the congregation; often the large rooms were thrown open, and filled with crowds of happy guests of all degrees. But perhaps the most remarkable disturbance of domestic arrangements was the conversion of the much-used Vicarage into an attractive bazaar for the enlargement of one of the schools; then for two or three days the house was a general thoroughfare. But even to Heaslands, their charming country abode, the parish followed them; or rather they drew the parishioners, old and young, thither to share their happiness, not content to enjoy alone their well-earned relaxation. Whether, indeed, in the country or at the Vicarage, pleasure always seemed enhanced by the presence of those who were fellow-workers, and linked in some way to them by union in higher interests."

For seventeen years life went on in one continual whirl, till he was on the verge of threescore years and ten; and then he felt that he might fairly be

released from part of his work. In November, 1887, he resigned his vicarage, and on January 1, 1888, preached for the last time in the parish church. On January 3 he personally inducted his son into the temporalities of the living, and on the following Sunday he preached his last sermon at his old Church of St. Nicholas. In the spring (February 10) he consulted Sir Andrew Clarke in London, and that was the last time he ever left Brighton except to drive out and spend a day at Heaslands (April 18). On Tuesday, April 26, he attended his last public meeting. That occasion had better be described by Mr. Stapley, who was present.

"A meeting was held in the Pavilion to consider the plans prepared for the enlargement of the parish church, and the completion of the work begun by him soon after his appointment as vicar. To those among the audience who knew his critical state of health at the time, that last address was full of pathos; his face more grave than usual, with evident signs of illness; his manner more calm and subdued, his breathing difficult. As he paused almost with a gasp at the end of some long sentence, the physical effort must have been great and exhausting; yet, withal, no trace of mental decay, no failure of memory. It was a masterly

statement from beginning to end, and, if it may be so said, the fitting close to his public life ; for, conscious or not of the near approach of death, he passed in orderly review that portion of the original scheme he had taken in hand, as more immediately pressing, namely, the formation of many new parishes, postponing for his successor the crowning work of making St. Peter's worthy of its position as the chief central church of Brighton ; and this work he heartily commended to the pious benevolence and united efforts of his fellow-townsmen and neighbours."

As this was Dr. Hannah's last great public effort, it may interest some to read the speech in full.

"The parishioners of Brighton were now asked to complete the work in which they had been engaged for the last seventeen laborious years. During that time they had been carefully building up three arches of a great structure, and now they wanted the key-stone, and this could not be supplied in a better way than by completing a proper Mother Church. (Applause.) He would not speak of the past for the sake of the past, but as an incentive to them for the present and the future. The past was full of encouragement, and therefore let them be bold in pushing forward this scheme,

Some, perhaps, might remember the original movement of 1871. In a letter which he had the privilege of presenting to the town in October, 1871, he put forward three main and great objects. The first was to build a chancel for the new parish church—the very thing they were asking them to do now—and to introduce other improvements to make it worthy of the position of the mother church in Brighton; the next to lay the foundation in every parish for providing a permanent endowment, by the assistance of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; and the third to build and endow new churches in at least two of the most neglected portions of the parish. These were his three objects. They found when they began the work it would be better to proceed with it in inverse order. They carried out the later objects first, and now they should advance with great courage to promote the one which still lay in the background. They had done as much as was necessary at present for the district churches in Brighton, they had done more than they could have expected for the endowment of the church of Brighton. Two churches were entirely new—St. Luke's and St. Matthew's; there were four others equally new, only they stood on the places of older chapels—he meant the

great and noble fabrics of St. Martin's, St. James's, St. Mary's, and St. Bartholomew's. There were six new churches built during the time which he had marked out, from the foundation-stone to the cross, and they had carried out the object proposed on the third point. In addition to building these new churches, a great deal had been done in improving and beautifying the older ones ; at least four of the chapels-of-ease had been marvellously improved.

"Now let them look at the question of endowment. It had been a great work to establish twelve new parishes in the town, and of these twelve seven had been endowed with £200 a year each by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. That meant that £1400 a year was brought straight and free into the town, and on their scale of capitalization that meant a sum of £42,000. That was a great blessing to them in the reorganization of Brighton. Three of them had been partially endowed by grants from the Commissioners and by noble and generous benefactions, of which he could not speak too highly, and that only left two which had a larger claim on their sympathy. In ten out of twelve parishes they had secured a solid nucleus of endowments, and these were accompanied in each case by marriage fees and a legitimate share of the

offertory. In seven of these parishes they had provided new parsonages, and that meant a great deal of money coming from the Commissioners and from local liberality. When he first came to Brighton there was only one vicarage house, but now there were eight ; just as then there was only one titular vicar, whereas now there were thirteen. Out of twenty-five churches and chapels in the old parish of Brighton, fifteen were entirely free and unappropriated, according to the law of England and the lines laid down for us by St. James. In 1879 he was able to say that at least £200,000 had been expended on church building and church endowment in Brighton in the fifty-five years since 1824, and that expenditure had since gone on in an accelerated ratio, but surely they would not allow this noble flourishing fountain to run dry.

"Well, the new Vicar of Brighton need not trouble himself very much with the second and third heads of church building and endowment, but it remained for him to carry out the first of the three objects he had mentioned. He did not mean to say that the parish church had been neglected, for they had done their best, having raised £6000 since 1874, which had been spent in connection with the fabric, the organ, the bells, and the

grounds, and, almost without exception, it was work that would stand, not like the miserable little vestries which they had been obliged to put up for the time being. Never let them think they could possibly be wasting money which was spent in lavishing adornment on the house of God. Such a mean and niggardly view was never in the thoughts of those who raised our great and stately cathedrals, or the noble college chapels; and that was not the spirit of David, who told them that the Temple of God should be on a level with the palace of the king. He believed this spirit still lived amongst men, and he earnestly trusted that their friends would devote a large portion of the means which God had entrusted them with to the adornment of the house of God and the service of their fellow-Christians. It now rested with them to give hearty assistance in carrying out the plans set before them. He earnestly trusted that the people of Brighton would give an additional example of the manner in which men would still devote a large proportion of the means with which God had entrusted them, as His stewards, for the glory of His house and the service of their fellow-Christians. (Loud applause)."

On the following Tuesday, May 1, he went to

his room, which he never left again. He was visited there by his firm friend, the Bishop of Chichester, and by Dean Goulburn. At his special request, the Holy Communion was administered to him by a clergyman whom he had learned to value and respect in the highest degree, the Rev. F. A. Stapley. Very characteristically he occupied himself with literary work almost to the last. Quite as characteristic was it that there was no death-bed scene, no rapturous expression to be recorded; but his whole life had been one of undoubting faith and cheerful performance of his Master's work. He quietly passed away on Friday, June 1, and was buried in his wife's grave in the parochial cemetery. The scene at the funeral will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. He was universally respected by men of all classes and all creeds, and they testified by their presence and tokens of respect their sense of the loss they had sustained.

To the outer world, and perhaps even to Brighton, the tidings of his death caused a shock of surprise. It was known that he was ailing, but not that he was dying. Expressions of deep regret flowed in from all quarters. Among other indications of the varied activity of the life that

was gone, not the least striking is the vast number of formal resolutions of sympathy from all kinds of public bodies in Brighton ; formal, that is, because, of course, expressed in a formal manner, but evidently real as expressing the sense of loss which all felt in the removal of one who was, in more senses than one, their head. The innumerable letters of sympathy from private friends have a genuine ring about them, which shows that they were not written merely in compliance with conventional usage. "The Church," writes one, "has lost quite one of her best sons." "Of very few men," writes another, "can it be said, as it may be said of him, that all his rare gifts and talents were exercised and employed and pervaded by the highest principle and faith." "It is impossible," writes another, "to think of him without a keen sense of public loss inflicted by his departure. One remembers how that extraordinary keenness and brightness of mind, which ever shot straight to the head of a question, and could gather up all the points at issue with such truly luminous exactness, was united to a genuine enthusiasm, for the faith and for the Church, which, in that not very frequent combination, was felt by others to be a real support, and a quickening stimulus to

their own religious loyalty." It would be a breach of confidence to mention names, but it may be said that these three extracts have been chosen, because the writers are men of high eminence and reputation in the Church. One more extract of a different kind may be added, because of the peculiarly touching circumstances under which it appears. It is from a letter written to the Archdeacon himself the very day before his death, which reached its destination too late to be read by him to whom it is addressed. It tells its own tale. "I only heard to-day that you are ill. It grieves me I cannot see you. I feel a debt of gratitude to you beyond what I can express. In so many ways, at so many times, I have received help and counsel and comfort, more valuable than you were aware of, and, I trust and believe, of lasting good. If we are not to meet again in this world, surely we may, in all humble confidence, look forward to doing so in that better life to come. You know I am your senior in years; so you will accept my blessing, as I ask for yours." The writer is an aged lady who, with her still more aged husband, had been one of his firmest friends and warmest admirers. These are fair specimens of the general tenor of the letters that

were written. They express, if words have any meaning, a genuine sense of loss.

And how could it be otherwise? He who was so unexpectedly called away might truly be described in language which must have been very familiar to him in his boyhood, as "the friend of all and the enemy of none" (the description which Wesleyans used to love to give of their own position). Mingled with expressions of sorrow, are also found in many of these letters expressions of surprise, and even of indignation, that he had not been raised to a higher position. And yet, after all, was it a misfortune to him that he had not been? His life had been in every sense a happy and, in one sense, a very successful one. Edinburgh, Glenalmond, Brighton, were all more than satisfied with, they were proud of, him ; at all three he had met with an almost unbroken course of kind treatment, and at all three he had achieved success in his work greater than even his friends could have anticipated. As there are few positions more miserable than that of a man who is not equal to his work or his dignity, so there is a certain element of happiness in the feeling that he is more than equal. And such a source of happiness Dr. Hannah unquestionably had. But

one cause of regret those who knew him best must have felt most, and that is, that his lot in life was never cast where his intellectual, or rather literary powers, had full play. This thought, however, launches us into a subject which is too important to be discussed at the fag-end of a chapter. It deserves and requires a chapter of its own.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITERARY WORK.

THE strangest feature in Dr. Hannah's career is, that whilst he was uniformly successful in various spheres of work, none of which seemed to give scope for his natural predilections and aptitudes, in that department in which nature and culture combined to give him the fairest promise of success he can scarcely be said to have reached a very high degree of eminence. Quite in his youth, one might almost say in his boyhood, he gave remarkable indications of possessing that rare gift, the literary instinct. When he was on the point of leaving school, he wrote a burlesque commentary on "Old Mother Hubbard," in conjunction with one of his school-fellows, in which were some humorous strokes; and when he was hardly five and twenty he published a volume on a most unlikely subject, which is rightly characterized by

a very high authority (the Rev. A. Jessopp, D.D.) as "a wonderful work for so young a man." What he might have done if the circumstances of his life had been cast in a different mould, or if that life had been spared for another decade, it is impossible to say. But, as a matter of fact, it can scarcely be said that he fulfilled the early promise which he gave. Not that his literary work was a failure; quite the reverse. An able and trustworthy writer he always was; a popular one, never. But this point will be brought out more clearly by describing details. And as he returned in his old age to the special studies of his youth, never ceasing to take an interest in them during the whole of the intervening period, it will be better to take his work in this department as a whole, instead of noticing each of his published works in strictly chronological order. His own connection, J. Maitland Thomson, Esq., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and himself an authority on Elizabethan literature, has kindly supplied a letter on Dr. Hannah's labours in the same field, which will amply suffice for all that need be said on this subject.

"From his Oxford days onwards, Dr. Hannah was an admirer and a student of the literature and

Especially of the poetry of the Elizabethan period, meaning thereby the period between the Reformation and the great Rebellion, as he explains in his article on 'Elizabethan Sacred Poetry' in the *British Critic* for April, 1842. In those days (and they were the days when he dug deepest in that field) there was not the wealth of reprinted material which is at the disposal of the modern student; for those who had not the run of certain large private libraries, adequate knowledge could only be gained at the Bodleian or the British Museum; such stray old editions as an ordinary purse could procure could only excite, not satisfy, the appetite. It was then that the little collection of book rarities was gathered which the Archdeacon in later days loved to display to appreciative eyes—the three issues of King's Poems (of which he edited a selection), rare editions of Southwell, George Wither's Version of the Psalms, and the like; treasures sometimes furnished with book-plates or manuscript notes of older scholars which served for a pedigree. But in his writings he eschewed bibliographical gossip. Nevertheless his sparsely sown and shortly put critical remarks vindicate the soundness of his judgment, and though he enjoyed the work of more purely literary

editors (such as Mr. A. H. Bullen, whose 'Lyrics' and 'England's Helicon' he praises in his posthumous essay)—was he himself an 'æsthetic' editor. In his early article already mentioned he speaks of 'that foppish sort of antiquarianism which aims at nothing beyond amusement,' which he likens to 'the conduct of a geologist who should allege no other reason for his pursuit than the beauty of the materials which it brought under his observation.' He worked in a severely scholarly, even scientific, spirit—not to give or receive pleasure, but to teach and to learn. In the same article he defines the part of the field in which his own work was to be done, and which he thought at that time most in need of a labourer. He insists, then as afterwards in the introduction to 'Courtly Poets,' on the historical value of the minor poetry of an age as the peculiar product of the time—the great works being 'not of an age, but for all time'—and on the biographical interest of the occasional poetry produced by those who were not poets by profession but men of affairs, and in that capacity famous. ~~He~~ notes the need for critical research to determine the text and authorship of those fugitive pieces, preserved not by the author, but by the more or less ill-informed compilers of

poetical note-books printed or manuscript. His three books relating to Elizabethan literature ('Poems and Psalms by Henry King, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester,' 1843, published by him while still Fellow of Lincoln College; 'Poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others,' 1845; and 'Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montrose,' 1870) are all on the lines thus marked out. The second especially is remarkable not so much as a collection of poems as of critical materials, and as a specimen of work on vernacular literature done by a classical scholar, and in the spirit and method of classical scholarship. The third, besides giving provisional catalogues of the poetical remains of Lord Essex and three other prominent sixteenth-century courtiers (afterwards utilized by Dr. Grosart in the 'Fuller Worthies' Library'), contains the work by which Dr. Hannah is best known to Elizabethan students—a critically sifted and greatly enlarged collection of the extant poems of Sir Walter Raleigh; in which, adopting the editor's own figures, 470 lines of the old haphazard collection are retained, and Raleigh's claim to them placed on a sound basis, and 1087 lines added to them, including the longest and most important relic of

all, the continuation of the lost poem 'Cynthia,' which had never been printed before. Finality in mortal things is a dream—one interesting addition to Raleigh's poetry has been disinterred by Mr. A. H. Bullen within the last few months; while the date, and consequently the biographical significance of the 'Cynthia' fragment are matter of dispute, on which Dr. Hannah's own final view differed from that which he preferred in 1870. But the value, and, I may add, the difficulty of that which he accomplished are rated highest by those who are best qualified to give an opinion. 'He did too little' is the only complaint I can hear of. His continued interest in the subject was shown, not only in his conversation and correspondence, but also by incidental references in 'The Best Reading for Busy Men' (1878), and by a list of seventy-five Elizabethan poems of disputed authorship (with names of the claimants for them), in the *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer* for May, 1882. And he left behind him a copy of 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,' elaborately annotated with a view to a long-projected reprint; and an essay, finished not long before his death, on the relation of Raleigh's poetry, as collected and authenticated in 1870, to Raleigh's life and character, which I hope may yet

be printed. How much more he might have done, if his death had not so soon followed on his retirement from parish work, I cannot say. But Elizabethan students may be glad to know that his last finished work related to Elizabethan literature."

To this graphic sketch it is only necessary to add that several proofs were found among Dr. Hannah's correspondence that he was recognized, by highly competent men, as an authority on this important branch of English literature. From these two may be selected. "I cannot help," writes Dr. Jessopp (March 14, 1888), "writing to you for information [on a subject connected with Elizabethan literature] which probably only you can give." "We want," writes Mr. Payne Collier (June 15, 1869), "a good edition of *all* Raleigh's poems, and *you* are the man to make it." And again (October 1, 1869), "We want a new and accurate sketch of the life of, Raleigh such as *you* can give."

To these testimonies may be added the following notice from the "British and Colonial Printer and Bookseller's Circular:"—"The death of Archdeacon Hannah removes one of our highest authorities on the poetical miscellanies of the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries. Choosing as his special field the popular poems which passed from hand to hand in manuscript and print, and therefore which gradually became attributed to many different authors, he sifted and tabulated the evidence, establishing results of no mean importance."

And now to pass on to another department. In theology he published two separate works which have many points in common, and which illustrate in a marked manner both the strong and the weak points of Dr. Hannah's compositions. The first is a series of sermons or lectures, entitled "Discourses on the Fall and its Results (1857)"; the second, "The Relation between the Divine and Human Elements in Holy Scripture," being the Bampton Lectures for 1862. It is not necessary to enter minutely into the contents of these volumes; their titles sufficiently tell their own tales. Both display great power and acumen; both "bought to the bran" the matter of which they treat; both are written in a style which is always scholarly and cultured; both abound in figures which are sometimes singularly beautiful; both indicate a vast amount of reading and thought. And yet the stern logic of facts and figures proves that neither was a really successful book.

* The reason is not far to seek ; both labour under the fatal defect of being, not indeed unreadable, but readable only by those who are prepared to devote a considerable amount of mental exertion to the task. Now even what is called the reading world is a lazy race ; or, if that be a libel, let^o us say that it requires to be very fully convinced that the game is worth the candle before it will gird itself up for the necessary effort. Such writers as Thomas Carlyle and F. D. Maurice wrote much before they could persuade the world to read them. Dr. Hannah did not write^e enough to enable the public to become used to his style. He gave them two hard nuts to crack, but they were not convinced that the kernel was worth the trouble of getting at by so tough a process. It *was* well worth it, as those who made the effort found ; but readers in general declined the exertion. If one may hazard a theory, Dr. Hannah seems to have approached his subject much in the same way in which he would approach, say, Aristotle's " Ethics " with his best Oxford pupils. He grapples with all its difficulties, states fully and meets ~~fairly~~ every possible objection that could be raised ; turns it, in short, inside out. But the reading world had not to " get up " " The Fall and its Results,"

or "The Relations between the Divine and Human Element in Holy Scriptures," as Dr. Hannah's pupils had to "get up" their Aristotle; hence a mode of treatment which was eminently successful in one case was not so successful in the other.

There is, however, some striking evidence that those who did brace themselves up to the effort of reading Dr. Hannah's books found their reward. "I write," says a well-known thinker and author, "first to thank you for your very valuable contribution to our theology in your work on 'The Fall and its Results.' It has been of infinite value to myself, and, I can fancy, of equal to others." Then, after praising some details, he adds, "I should like to hear you more at large, and trust to do so when we meet. But in the mean time I do not like to have received so much benefit, as I have, from your book without the offer of thanks. I believe it is likely to do much good to those who are, after all, the only real thinkers of the day."

Still more striking is an evidence of the value which ~~some~~ set upon the Bampton Lectures, because it did not evaporate in empty words, but took a very substantial form indeed. The following letter will show how:—

"Gibraltar Palace, Malta, February 25, 1865.

"MY DEAR WARDEN,

"Circumstances now enable me to surrender to Trinity College [Glenalmond] the sum of £1000 which I lent to the college. . . . I do so as a slight token . . . of my sense of the benefits which Trinity College has derived from the present Warden's management of its affairs, and the Church at large from his Bampton Lectures.

"W. J. GIBRALTAR [Dr. Trower]."

To this must be added a very generous tribute from the present Bishop of St. Andrew's.

"Fen House, Perth, March 6, 1865.

"MY DEAR MR. WARDEN,

"Allow me to congratulate you most heartily upon the excellent piece of good news which I see in the *Courant* this morning. I am sure every one who knows anything about the college, and about your book, will recognize the justice and sufficiency of the reasons which our friend, the Bishop of Gibraltar, has assigned for his generous gift.

"C. WORDSWORTH, Bishop of St. Andrew's."

The short list of Dr. Hannah's contributions to literature in the shape of what may fairly be termed "books" ends here, but this by no means exhausts all his printed work. His articles in magazines, beginning with the early article in 1841, and ending with a posthumous article on a similar subject, which appeared after his death in a leading Review, were very numerous. A melancholy interest attaches to this last article, not only because it *was* his last, but also because it shows that, had his life been spared, he might certainly have done good work in the field of literature. It indicates no loss whatever of mental vigour, and the subject is handled with a lighter touch than he gives to some of his earlier work. The subject is "Raleigh's Poetry and Life," and the point which he brings out, with great force and fulness of knowledge, is that Sir Walter Raleigh's poetry throws great light upon his life. A short extract will not be out of place.

"While hunting up every scrap of correspondence which could be brought to bear upon their subject, his [Raleigh's] later biographers, with rare exceptions, have omitted the whole factor of his poetry in judging of his life. Some of them seem to have been scarcely aware of its existence ; few,

if any, have realized its extent and character. In a great measure this can be accounted for by a circumstance which has proved little less than a literary calamity. The only complete edition of Raleigh's Works (Oxford, 8 vols., 1829) was put together in so careless and uncritical a fashion, that the poems, with but few unimportant additions, were a mere reprint of the unsifted farrago which Sir Egerton Brydges caused to be printed at the Lee Priory Press in 1813-14. . . . Raleigh was at once soldier and sailor, adventurer, administrator, courtier, and historian ; but to his earlier contemporaries he was above all things a poet."

As Vicar of Brighton, Dr. Hannah was, as we have seen, frequently called upon to deliver inaugural addresses at the meetings of societies which visited Brighton, and to give lectures at various institutions established there. Such addresses and lectures were generally published, and they well deserved to be ; for Dr. Hannah never wrote anything which could not bear to be read deliberately in cold blood. He also published several single sermons, and at least two short courses of sermons or addresses. Thus, in one way or another, though not a voluminous author, he was responsible for more printed matter than most busy men are.

Had his life been spared, he intended to have devoted it mainly to literary pursuits; and, considering the stores of learning which he had amassed, and which were very inadequately represented in his published works, the world of letters probably suffered a great loss by his removal.

For, after all, what Dr. Hannah required, in order to become a successful writer, and what he never enjoyed, was, in one word, leisure. He must have always been subject to incessant interruptions and incessant worries, which are, as a rule, fatal to the completion of a really *magnum opus*. This is less disastrous to the work of reading than to that of writing. A very busy man may far more easily become an omnivorous reader than a voluminous writer—that is, a voluminous writer of what is both readable and worth reading. In the former case, he can take up the thread of his work just where he had dropped it; in the latter it is more difficult to do so. And for a very simple reason. In the one case, another man supplies both the thought and the expression; in the other, he has to supply both for himself.

Those alone who were personally acquainted with Dr. Hannah can have any idea of the *extent* of his reading, but a few words on the magnificent

library which he had gradually formed may give some notice of its *direction*. It has been already said that his son's college friend, Mr. Baillie, is engaged in cataloguing this library ; and he has been kind enough to write down his general impressions of it for the benefit of this memoir. •'

"The library," he says, "is a general one, not especially prominent in any department. What strikes one most is the universality of his tastes in English literature. History, archæology, divinity, scholarship, biblical study, poetry, and general literature, are all copiously represented. His work on Raleigh and Bishop Henry King leaves its traces not merely in various editions of works of those writers, but in an extensive collection of poems by minor seventeenth-century poets. He had a collection—complete, I believe—of the publications of the Percy Society. He had also many, if not all, of the publications of Sir Egerton Brydges and the Lee Priory Press, and also of the various poets recently edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.¹ A copy of Isaac Casaubon's *Commentaries on the First Book of Polybius* was purchased, I have no doubt, for the sake of the name,

¹ Several letters from this gentleman are found among his correspondence.

"H. Wotton," written on the title-page, which I presume is the autograph of Sir Henry Wotton. Many of the volumes of the less-known seventeenth-century writers have a manuscript note in Dr. Hannah's handwriting on the fly-leaf, giving biographical and bibliographical details about the author and the book, with references to the places where full information about them will be found. Indeed, he seems throughout his life to have made notes of whatever he met with in his reading which was likely to be interesting or serviceable, and there are note-books containing much interesting miscellaneous information. There are numerous Hebrew grammars, lexicons, and texts of the Old Testament or parts of it, and there is a manuscript Hebrew grammar written by himself in a beautifully neat handwriting.¹

"Editions of the Bible are numerous. Besides several Hebrew texts of the Old Testament, there are Wetstein's, Griesbach's, Scholz's, Lachmann's, Tischendorf's, Tregelles', Scrivener's, Alford's, and Westcott and Hort's editions of the New Testament. There are also various editions of the Codices, etc. Altogether I find about two hundred volumes of Bibles, or commentaries on and

¹ See *supra*, p. 10.

editions of the whole or parts of the Bible. Aristotle is not quite so extensively represented ; but there are over sixty volumes of editions of the whole or of separate works. There are nineteen or twenty volumes of the "Nicomachean Ethics" and commentaries thereon. There are not many books of the kind prized by bibliophiles—I mean such as have a value from rarity or some cause apart from intrinsic merit."

In another letter Mr. Baillie remarks on "the enormous collection of pamphlets. It seems as if he had bought, classified, and bound, every pamphlet that has been published since he went to Oxford on all the controversies that have successively occupied people's minds, and on all matters connected with the Church, the universities, literature, education, etc. There must be some two hundred volumes of bound pamphlets, and there are cupboards full of pamphlets tied up in packets ready for binding." Then, after speaking of the numerous dictionaries, works of reference, and editions of Herodotus, he adds, "Any book which attracted attention seems to have been purchased by him to the very end of his life. The weakest side is foreign literature. There are not many French or German works."

A man's books are generally a pretty good index of his mind; and the reader of the preceding pages will recognize the truth of the remark in the case of Dr. Hannah. His books were for real use, not for show, except that he liked to have them handsomely bound. Bishop Terrot (no mean judge) used to say that "few men knew the inside of books like Hannah." And the result of his extensive and varied reading, was always at the service of his friends. "I have often," writes one¹—and he may be regarded as the spokesman of many—"had occasion, to tax his kindness in all sorts of inquiries, and never in vain." "Many cordial thanks," writes another² to the present Vicar of Brighton, "for your kind permission to visit your library, and consult a book or two, as I did in your dear father's time. I will not fail to avail myself of it, though I shall greatly miss the living reference, whose memory was so marvellous, and who told one where to find things one wanted."

It certainly does seem a pity that the result of all this reading was not also at the service of the general public, as well as of private friends; and

¹ The Dean of Salisbury, Dr. Boyle.

² Dean Goulburn.

one cannot but echo the regret expressed by many, that that "learned leisure," which is enjoyed by many who are not particularly learned, and, in consequence, do not seem quite to know what to do with it, was denied to one who would assuredly have turned it to a good purpose. But, Dr. Hannah himself would have been the first to own that these matters are all ordered by a wise Providence, and that the true principle on which to act, and on which he himself acted, if any man ever did, is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

It may be well to give in conclusion some specimens of Dr. Hannah's compositions which will serve to illustrate what has been said in the preceding pages. The specimens, selected from a vast number of materials, are his early article on Elizabethan Sacred Poetry, which appeared in 1842, in the April number of the *British Critic*, and which the owners of the literary property of that once famous Church periodical have kindly permitted me to reprint; and his first and last sermons at Brighton.

The article was written when he was only twenty-three years of age, and is full of the crudities

which characterize most youthful effusions ; but it illustrates in a remarkable degree the literary promise which he gave in his youth ; and " it distinctly indicates " (to quote the words of Mr. Maitland Thompson) " the field which he had already chosen for his own Elizabethan researches, viz. the collection and verification of the poetical remains of eminent men like Raleigh and Essex, who published no poetry themselves. That field he made his own peculiar property, and his it is likely to remain." Moreover, it illustrates indirectly, but very really, a point which has been lightly touched upon in this memoir, viz. that the great Oxford movement, in the very thick of which Dr. Hannah lived during his undergraduate career, affected him deeply. Not that he ever refers to that movement in so many words ; but, quite unconsciously perhaps, all through the article he betrays a tone of mind very different from that which he would naturally have derived from his home associations. That revived love of antiquity and of the beautiful, which Cardinal Newman points out as one of the causes of the origin and success of the movement, is traceable by all those who can read between the lines, and is in marked contrast with the prevalent habit of mind in the

years before the Oxford movement began to make itself felt.

In the first sermon at Brighton also, we can read between the lines; and perceive in it an exhortation to the preacher himself, as well as to his hearers, to cast the dead past behind them, and to do faithfully and earnestly the work marked out for them in the living present. He had himself just suffered a terrible bereavement; by the loss of his only and dearly loved daughter he had, to use his own words, "been privileged to study in the school of sorrow;" he was entering upon a new and untried course, and it must have been a real effort to him to gird himself manfully for his onerous work, which was in many respects so uncongenial to him, and for which his antecedents seemed to give him so little preparation. Well might he say to himself as well as to others, "Let the dead past bury its dead!"

The last sermon needs no comment; it is simply a touching retrospect of his past work at Brighton, and a tender farewell from a very warm heart to a flock which for seventeen years he had striven to tend faithfully and wisely.

ELIZABETHAN POETRY.

(From the *British Critic*, April, 1842.)

Art. III.—1. *Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*. By the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D., Vol. I., 1835; Vol. II., 1838.

2. *Lives of Sacred Poets*. By Robert Aris Willmott, Esq. Series I., 1834; Series II., 1838.

3. *Specimens of British Poets*. By Thomas Campbell, Esq. A New Edition. Murray. 1841.

4. *Gems of Sacred Poetry*. 2 Vols.

The reign of Henry VIII. forms a great barrier in the annals of England between its ancient and its modern history; for the revolution of that period was of incomparably greater importance, in its effects upon the national character, than any which had been experienced before. Disturbances, indeed, of some kind or other, were unhappily no new things amongst us; but a war which depends on mere force, though it may convulse a whole kingdom while it lasts, terminates as soon as either party has acquired the undisputed mastery, and affairs sink speedily and quietly down to their former level. A contest of mind is not so easily forgotten, and when it is so complete and universal as what had then been roused, its traces are stamped deeply upon the whole constitution of a people; the “wreck of old

opinion" cannot be built up again as easily as a dismantled tower; and men soon discover that one great cycle of history is ended, and that another is about to begin. The effects of this change were not, however, fully visible till after the lapse of two succeeding reigns. Before the time of Elizabeth, ancient things had not entirely passed away, nor lost altogether their hold upon men's minds; new things were not yet so familiar as to occupy their place; and thus, between the overthrow of the one, and the establishment of the other, there was a period of turmoil and confusion, such as is always the herald and precursor of any complete revolution in the whole belief and feelings of a people. The infallibility of a monarch, who was not remarkable for consistency in anything, except in his never-wavering determination to persecute most unrelentingly everybody, whether on the one side or the other, who might chance to doubt the truth of the creed which he had adopted for the day, was not at first any very valuable substitute for the infallibility of the Pope; but as soon as a firmer ground was given, on which men might rest their faith, it became apparent that the nation of warriors who had at length been exhausted and tamed by centuries of stormy strife, were no longer represented in the persons of their descendants, and that from amidst the agitations of that fiery struggle, a new nation had sprung forth, which possessed all the energy and ardour, if it had also much of the recklessness of youth. The period of the great Rebellion, though the passions which it excited might be more fierce and violent for a time, caused no such total change;—the second shock could not be felt so deeply

as the first;—the overthrow of the throne itself was not so startling as the remodelling of the Church: and, even in this matter, men had now become accustomed to regard, 'as one main object of their strife, that Faith which had formerly been external to every conflict, and had remained unchanged, whether this or that particular leader had secured the final victory. The main effect of the Rebellion was to deaden, rather than to vivify; and if the Reformation had called forth new life and energy, whether for good or bad, the Rebellion was followed, if not immediately, yet after the lapse of a very few years, by a torpor as universal as ever repressed the activity of a nation. But from the very circumstances of the case it follows that the period which is bounded on either side by these two events, is of greater importance, and demands a more careful study, than any other in our history.

Some such impulse as that with which all Europe seemed to be shaken, as if with one simultaneous movement, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, was requisite to send into circulation the mass of new materials for thought which had been for ages slowly and almost secretly accumulating, and which the discovery of printing soon began to render universally accessible. The revival of letters, even with all the assistance it derived from the numerous universities which were founded about this period, could never have been so speedy and complete, if there had not been some general convulsion to rouse men from the sleep of ages, and to call forth into unusual activity the energies of every rank in every nation. It may indeed be doubted whether

this movement was not far too sudden to be healthy ; but nothing human is ever made up either of unmixed evil or of unmixed good. It is sufficient for us to know that a mightier arm than that of man was governing the strife, though man's bad passions might grievously mar and disfigure the work of God. There were still many, even in those troubled times, who far excelled us in everything that was good, though there might be more who nearly equalled us in our follies and vices.

As the character of a national literature must always rise and fall with the same fluctuations which are experienced by the nation itself, so in this, too, it resembles them—that the change which has passed over it, in consequence of some great religious or political movement, is not clearly visible till quietness is to some extent restored. And this is particularly evident in the case of poetry. There is a fitter field for the exercise of energy while the strife is actually pending ; and poetry is but the refuge to which it hastens when that strife has been somewhat quelled by the steady exercise of power. Hence whatever good effects the Reformation might work on our literature, they were not apparent till the government of Elizabeth had produced something like a cessation of the tempest. Before that period, few except those who wanted life and genius could find time to write. Lord Surrey's poems had no connection with the change which was then hanging over the English nation ; they were not indeed the natural fruits of the English soil, but rather beautiful though feeble exotics, transplanted from a more sunny climate, which soon withered under the rigour of the cold and stormy north.

Towards the close of Henry's life, and throughout the reign of his two immediate successors, the heaviness of former times was entirely outdone by the marvellous stupidity of the religious verse which issued from every press: while the language of Scripture itself was disfigured and debased by the travesties of its innumerable translators. That much maligned pair, Sternhold and Hopkins, were really no worse than their neighbours; in fact, they were far better than most of them, as we shall shortly see; and this circumstance is sufficient to give the reader a very fair notion of the state of literature at a time when their version was more worthy of adoption for purposes of public devotion than the general mass of its contemporaries and rivals. And the same character may be observed in other poems, which seem to have been mainly written in the days of Queen Mary, though they might not be published till the reign of her successor. With the exception of Lord Buckhurst's Introduction, the many pages of the "Mirrour for Magistrates" are unrelieved by a single ray of genius; and in the gloomy legends which it preserves, and the dolorous style in which they are largely set forth, we see the handiwork of men who were oppressed by the sorrowful and melancholy hue of the atmosphere which they had to breathe. A similar dulness is perceptible in the "Paradise of Daintie Deuses," which, though not published till 1576, belongs in reality to an earlier period; it is in general no more than a medley of heavy morality and trite ethical sayings, set forth in an unvarying sameness of phrase. But still some parts of it stand out as promises of better things to come; and the great beauty of some of its detached

poems may serve to explain the numerous editions of it which were issued after its first appearance.

[Then follow some quotations from "The Paradise of Daintie Deuises."]

Proctor's "Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions," which was printed in 1578, is still more dull than the "Paradise," and scarcely merited the splendid reprint of Mr. Park. The "doleful youth" who "greeuously complayneth" in such very doubtful poetry, and who threatens to hang himself on account of his ladye's cruelty, in such heavy and dismal verses, richly deserved still more contemptuous treatment than he seems to have received. It is unnecessary to mention more of these productions, the writers of which seem generally to have been "as tedious as a king," and to have found it in their hearts to bestow it all upon their readers without the least remorse. But, indeed, the muses generally become very unentertaining, when they array themselves in the puritanical garb.

When at length the vigorous and active spirit which had been roused by the Reformation extended its influence to poetry, it was the natural result that literature both sunk lower and rose higher than it has ever done in any other period of our literary history. There was but little room for mediocrity, when the circumstances of the time forced everything into either the one or the other extreme. And, therefore, there is no other age which demands so much attention, whether we are in search of models which we may imitate, or of warnings which may teach us what to avoid. Even those who would in other days have moved quietly forward in the course of duty, and

would have passed away when their appointed task was done, without leaving any name behind them, were compelled to exertion by the spirit of all around, and have left us a treasure of beautiful poetry, which is the more valuable, because it forms a contrast to that very excitement which was so instrumental in calling it into existence.

If, however, vigour is one prominent characteristic of the Elizabethan poetry, earnestness is another, not less general or remarkable. The men of that time seem to have been in earnest everywhere, whether virtue or vice were uppermost for the moment. This is probably the reason why some of their productions, especially those of the dramatic writers, present us with the singular contrast of deep religious feeling, coexisting with a licentiousness of style which can never be too much regretted. We are so accustomed to see society decently marked out into its different sections, all clear and well defined, that we are no fit judges of the motives of men who lived in so dissimilar an age. Even if the spirit of licence and ribaldry by which many of their works are stained, renders us almost afraid to let them stand prominently forward on our shelves, yet we have no right to deny that they frequently wrote under a very different influence. There is no similarity whatever between the religious passages which occur in their works, and those which are sometimes foisted into the most reprehensible productions of our own day. What was then a *feeling*, is now at best an *opinion*, and often scarcely that. What was the living language of hearts that were too frequently misguided, is now the invention of the head. The old

writers exhibit frequent traces of religion, even in their most miscellaneous works, because, in spite of much to the contrary, there were still in the popular usages and modes of thought many remains of ancient piety and reverence, which even the recent commotions had not had power to remove. Our modern writers talk about religion because it is a subject which, as they fancy, affords room for the exercise of high poetical powers, and may be bedizened with plenty of poetical ornament. There is some affectation in both ; but the affectation of the former was confined to their *style* ; while the latter, while cultivating a style of greater simplicity, have transferred the affectation to the *matter* of their verse. The former wrote with a regard to *themselves*, because they felt what they said ; people write nowadays with a view to their *readers*, because certain topics seem likely to produce a striking effect. The religious poems (as they miscall them) which we find among the works of such men as Byron and Moore, are nothing but pieces of curious mechanism, and even they whose poetry is distinguished by a more moral tone, frequently content themselves with a sort of natural religion, which originates in a notion that the objects of external nature can be presented under a more attractive and beautiful garb, when they are invested with a religious colouring. In the case of the former, we can only regret that the partial feeling had not been universal, and that they had written on any subject which was adverse to religion ; to the latter writers, our chief request would be, that they would be pleased to let religious poetry alone, and to confine themselves to matters in which they are more at home.

But even the briefest sketch of the Elizabethan literature would be incomplete and unsatisfactory, if it contained no mention of that lingering fondness for the mysterious superstitions of a former age which imparted a peculiar tinge to every feature.

[Then follows a quotation from Warton's "History of English Poetry" on this point.]

From the causes which have been already mentioned, and to which many subsidiary ones might be added, the Elizabethan literature seems to resemble the produce of a soil which has long lain fallow, and is at length too hastily broken up. From the very vigour of the ground, the crop must be far too rank and exuberant for a time, and the fairest fruits of the earth must be mingled with a goodly harvest of weeds. The considerations of this very obvious fact may supply us with a ready answer to the objections which are most usually advanced against the whole of that literature. For it has been one evil effect of the exaggerated praise which some antiquaries are wont to lavish upon their favourite writers, that others, who apply themselves to the study with less enthusiasm, are certain to be disappointed, if they expect to find the older poets free from every kind of fault; and, as the natural result of such a disappointment, they generally run into the opposite extreme. Hereupon ensue complaints of the great want of simplicity observable among the Elizabethan poets; of their tasteless profusion of ornament, and their constant affectation. Now, talk of this description betrays a very confused notion of the nature and possibility of what it calls simplicity. Even if this quality may be found in the earliest productions

of a nation, as in many of our noble old ballads, it is certain to be very rare in that transition state which ensues while poetry is advancing from these, its first rudiments, to something more nearly resembling perfection, especially if its progress is too sudden and unnatural. The first and most genuine simplicity is fast passing away; the second, in which the gift of nature is imitated by art, belongs to a far more advanced state of literature. There are three great periods in the poetical history of a people, just as there are in both national and individual life,—birth, maturity, and old age. The exact period of actual maturity—the time when poetry is in its healthiest and strongest state—it is never very easy to determine, but we *can* tell whether it is passing from the first era to the second, or from the second to the third; and the most superficial acquaintance with the subject must teach us that the Elizabethan age was a very rapid transition of the former kind. But when we consider the causes which led to this result, we cannot wonder if we find that those writers resembled men who are dazzled by too sudden a glare of light, and who can scarcely distinguish between the spangle and the gold.

It was exceedingly natural that the poets of the time caught eagerly at every novelty, when all things alike were new and strange. False wit, wearisome conceits, and barbarous jingle, were sure to be too common among writers who had to walk in a path that had as yet been little trodden, and to bend to the service of poetry a language still unpolished, however copious and vigorous it might be, and not yet fixed, although capable of expressing every thought with dignity and force. When

a nation is yet comparatively unaccustomed to literature, there may be many who possess luxuriant fancy or powerful intellect ; there must be few who can bring those endowments under the direction of a cultivated taste. But when literature has become so common, and its stores so vast, that an industrious writer can collect and combine tolerable verses from the mass of materials which are thus placed within his reach, then follows the danger lest everybody should turn poet, and should fancy himself able to manufacture as much as he pleases of what he calls poetry, at a moment's notice.* In such a state of things, even those from whom we might have expected better judgment, are in danger of preferring smoothness to sense, and of desiring elegance of expression, rather than vigour of thought. And these things are certain signs that the maturity of poetry is past, and that old age is fast speeding on. Too much civilization is far more destructive to the spirit of poetry than too little ; and hence, when the choice is placed before him, no candid man can hesitate to prefer the masculine writers of whom we have been speaking, who wanted nothing but a more cultivated taste to the sickly sentimentalists of modern times, who are destitute of everything but smoothness and a ready flow of verse. The same would hold good of the Elizabethan writers, if they were more faulty than they are ; for even the half-civilized barbarian, with his paint, and feathers, and beads, is, in spite of them all, a more manly and respectable personage than the coxcomb of more delicate mould, who, after the lapse of ages, may occupy his place.

The analogy which we employed before may also

teach us that an unusual luxuriance of produce is sure to enfeeble the ground which pours it forth so abundantly, and that a period of remarkable fertility must always be followed by a time of comparative weakness. Thus the Elizabethan literature was not only defiled by many faults which one would wish to forget, but the succeeding age became, as it were, naturally fitted for the reception of a monarch who preferred metaphysics to poetry, and whose feeble temperament soon crushed or banished the noble spirits of the preceding reign. Then the progress of poetry was suddenly retarded by the "metaphysical" poets, as they have been called; a race of writers who, by their wearisome display of learning, and by ransacking not only heaven, earth, and sea, but the dry regions of the most abstruse sciences for what seemed to them poetical ornament, almost banished beauty and simplicity from our literature, and left those who still longed for poetry, in which the heart as well as the intellect might share, to follow in secret their unfashionable pursuit. But it would be flagrant injustice to suppose that King James himself was answerable for this depression of our poetry. It was but the natural course of things, and its first symptoms were seen before he ever crossed the Border. For the superiority of the Elizabethan poetry was owing to the union of two things together—of the feelings of ancient chivalry, and the Catholic tone of piety which remained as a noble relic of the Old World—with the daring spirit of resolution and confidence which was the first produce of the New. To the combination of these two things, of which Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh may be respectively taken as representatives, we

may attribute the united imagination and vigour which distinguished the literature of the time. But the former soon began to disappear; the latter to weaken and decay. Men were not long in learning the easy lesson of fancying themselves wiser than their fathers. They became too free to relish any recollections of feudal restraint and discipline,—too rational to feel the high impulses of imagination—too critical to endure that exuberance of fancy and improbability of fiction, which in the old and now forgotten poets was thought more valuable than the correctest judgment. The destruction of old things, which had been so general at the Reformation, was fast becoming universal; men were gradually more like what we are; and what wonder is it that their strength declined, and that their poetry sank down to a tamer uniformity?

It is a sad proof of the careless and superficial character which for a long period prevailed throughout the nation, that so much of the literature of this most remarkable age is still altogether hidden from the general reader. Some of its most valuable productions have entirely disappeared; others would have been also lost, but for the accidental preservation of a single copy; and others, again, have never been rescued from the hidden recesses of our large MS. libraries. Bishop Percy's labours were directed to an earlier period. Warton stopped short in the very midst of that time, and even what he did complete was much oftener talked about than read. Other writers, who tried to supply his lack, were either too cursory or too dull;—and though all praise is due to Sir Egerton Brydges, and his coadjutor,

Mr. Park, both for those volumes which were actually reprinted in the "Heliconia," the "Archaica," and the "British Bibliographer" (as well as in the long succession of publications which issued from the Lee Priory Press), and for the voluminous collections in which they tried to direct attention to others which they did not republish, yet the expensive form in which they issued their editions proved an insuperable hindrance to the free development of their plans. Hence those antiquaries who are now engaged, in so many ways, in the task of restoring more effectually these "monuments of banish'd mindes," appear to introduce us into a world almost unknown. And although there may be many indications that a better spirit is becoming prevalent amongst us, yet, after all, they are but partial, and there is still a large class of men who agree to reject, on good utilitarian principles, any attempt to restore the fragments of antiquity. To such persons, antiquaries of every description appear nothing more than curious and eccentric triflers, who are endowed with a singular dulness of vision as to the real wants of our enlightened age, and who spend all their time in hunting after things which are worse than useless when they are found. Such people take huge comfort in a certain irrefragable canon, setting forth how that nothing was ever lost which was worth the saving—that the rarity of a book is the best proof that the few surviving copies should have been destroyed with the rest, and that nothing can be of any value which requires the labours of the literary exhumers to bring it back to the light. It is certainly undeniable that some antiquaries have felt so much

enthusiasm in their congenial pursuit, that they have been inclined to place a fictitious value upon matters of small worth, merely on account of their scarceness and their age. But these cases do not in anywise support the opinions of those who believe that Englishmen have now, for the first time, learnt to speak the real language of poetry, that improvements in taste must needs have kept pace with improvements in cotton-mills, and that the metrical productions of our forefathers were but rugged and disjointed rhymes. And surely the circumstance, that poetry is dressed in the attire of other times, cannot rob it of all claims to the praises of proportion and grace. On the contrary, the beauty of a poem is enhanced, rather than diminished, when it thus presents to us a memorial of the language and manners of a race that has passed away. A building which, when it was first erected, had no claim upon attention beyond others by which it was surrounded, soon acquires beauty when moss and ivy have begun to mantle over its walls; and in like manner, poetry becomes more venerable when it is expressed in the language of the past. It removes us further from the world around us, when it speaks in a tongue, the tones of which we have long since ceased to hear. "He who prizes a thing," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "merely *because* it is old, and he who contemns it *because* it is old, is equally dull and foolish. The form of beauty is the same, whether she be dressed in an antique or a modern fashion, and the same rules of shape, proportion, and hue apply in both cases."*

* Preface to the Lee Priory edition of Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," p. 77.

This is a matter, however, where reasoning can produce no impression, because the great difference arises from feeling, not from reason. One class of men consists of those who are endued with a natural respect for everything which has stood the test of time, and is honoured with the impress of antiquity. Persons of such a character will always tread reverently over the ashes of the dead ; nor deal too rudely with those productions which are consecrated by the characters of age. They shrink from the ungrateful task of seeking out errors in those famous men of old ; and would be content to take their faults along with their virtues, rather than tear aside, with unhallowed grasp, the mantle by which they have been shrouded by the hand of time. Those who belong to the other class are troubled with no such excessive veneration for former days, but prefer sitting down with the comfortable assurance that the world has never done anything but improve, and that, consequently, the present generation is far wiser and better than any preceding generation can possibly have been. These two classes can never be brought to agree, for they have no common ground on which they may begin, and therefore all reasonings, either on the one side or the other, are but loss of time and labour. It is encouraging, however, to perceive that the former class is rapidly increasing ; and even if they should sometimes be inclined to magnify each object as it is seen through the mist of years, it is an error with which no one can fail to have a very hearty sympathy who reflects on the importance of the exertions to which it may stimulate. Assuredly their assistance is greatly needed just now, for

the fabrics of genius that in former years were raised, are gradually sinking beneath the advancing tide ; and unless the careful toil of the antiquary comes in to save them from destruction, we may soon lose all recollection even of the place where they stood. In fact, it is nothing short of a positive *duty* for all men who still love to linger around the tombs of their fathers, to come forward and rescue them from utter forgetfulness. It is in their writings that their memories are enshrined ; it is to these that we must refer, when we wish to know how they thought and felt when they acted ; and in these expressions of their inmost thoughts we find a far truer history of their lives and motives, than we could gain from the most careful record of their outward deeds. The defenders of such pursuits have been too commonly content to rest their cause on considerations drawn merely from the beauty of their occasional thoughts, — the sweet tones of their untutored minstrelsy which at times break forth amidst a sad discord of harsh sounds, and many such arguments as these. Now to such reasoning there can be no objection, so long as men will carry it a little further, and remember that these studies are a matter of *duty*, as well as of *taste*. When men do not remember this, they only degrade a subject that is capable of defence on far higher grounds ;—they work with the understanding, and not with the reason ;—they give us empiricism, and not science ;—they content themselves with searching for instances, when they ought to generalize them into truths. Such a mode of conduct resembles that of a geologist, who should allege no other reason for his pursuit than the beauty of the materials

which it brought under his observation, or an astronomer who should defend his science only by ranting about the glory of the stars.

It is far from our purpose, in this article, to enter generally upon the wide field of the Elizabethan Poetry; we must leave those who are more competent to the task to complete a survey so extensive, and content ourselves with a hasty glance at the religious poetry of the time, whether it be in volumes especially devoted to subjects of religion, or what is found scattered over the pages of writers whose usual ambition was confined to building "vain pyramids to mortal pride." We must be allowed, however, to extend this imperfect sketch beyond the time which is usually designated as the Elizabethan age. For no period stands absolutely alone and independent, but each contains some traces, be they more or less conspicuous, both of the lingering spirit of the past, and of the advancing spirit of the future. The first appearance of that poetry which is considered to belong more exclusively to the reign of King James, falls so early, that it meets the last shadow of that gloomy and puritanical poetry which was produced during the very time of the Reformation; and in like manner we may detect, even in the reign of Queen Mary, the faint dawning of that literature which shone forth most brightly during the life of Queen Elizabeth, and which, though it gradually waned as the age became less poetical, was not entirely extinct till the Great Rebellion overwhelmed everything fair and lovely in one common ruin. The Reformation and the Rebellion may therefore be assumed as the two boundaries of the period over which our remarks will extend.

Three of the works which we have enumerated at the head of this paper, as well as others of a somewhat older date,¹ are sufficient to prove that some regard has been paid of late to the religious poetry, as well as to the more general antiquities, of that remarkable time; yet we fear it must be confessed that there is not a single branch of the subject which does not still require more than double the attention which it has yet received.

The most important, as well as the most difficult part of the inquiry, relates to the minor poetry, which was produced in such abundance during the Elizabethan age, especially on moral and religious subjects. Now, there is one law with regard to the history of poetry which is absolute and universal, though it is too often forgotten or neglected. It is, that we should never judge of the character of any period merely by looking at the first-rate poets who may happen to adorn it, inasmuch as they would perhaps have reached a similar exaltation whenever they had been born. For neither the darkest ages could have completely obscured their glory, nor could the brightest have added much to its lustre. In their *reflex* character, indeed, so far as they are to be numbered

¹ Such, for example, as some portions of "Select Psalms in Verse," published anonymously in 1811, but understood to have been compiled by the Rev. Lord Aston; Montgomery's "Christian Poet;" Johnstone's "Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry," Edinburgh, 1827; and "Sacred Specimens," by the Rev. John Mitford, 1827. One "Robert Bell, Esq.," a member of Dr. Lardner's band of "Eminent Literary and Scientific Men," has included some notices of the old religious poets in his "Lives of English Poets," 1839; but he does not seem to have escaped any better than his associates from that marvellous capacity for blundering which appears to have been his only qualification for his task.

among the chief of those auxiliaries that are instrumental in calling forth ability, where, but for them, it might have lain concealed, they are of the utmost importance to the historian ; but, beyond this, it is in the minor poets that the true character of any period is most faithfully developed. When we wish to tell how a current flows, we do not look to the strong trees which grow up in its stream, and yet cannot be moved by its utmost power ; it is from the willows and rushes which bend before it, and point to the direction in which it tends, that we learn to judge of its swiftness or its course. So also, when we desire to know the progress which a nation is making in poetry at any particular period of its history, we must turn to those who would do as the people did,—who would labour to gratify the taste of the many, and to elicit their applause ; not exclusively to the few who rose far above all their contemporaries, and had little in unison with them. We cannot, therefore, tell what value must be attached to a great poet, in illustrating poetical history, till we look at his effects. Such a man belongs to all time, and to every land. His writings may kindle enthusiasm when centuries have passed away, and in the most distant region of the globe. But the question for the historian of poetry should be, what reflection followed the first outbreak of that bright flame ? If it shone forth for ages in the midst of solitude and gloom, if there was no mirror to catch and throw back its brightness, its place in poetical history belongs to a later time. It is, indeed, impossible to estimate too highly the effect of the one great poet of that age—the greatest of all our nation—upon the men both of his own and of all succeeding

times. Well, indeed, did he merit that reverence, the revival of which is one of the most respectable features of our own days, when a large society is banded together under his name, for the purpose of collecting and preserving every contemporary record which can illustrate his history or his productions, and when rival editors are contending who shall set forth the most accurate edition of his works, in the very words he used. No man can calculate the influence which he produced upon an age which had already rejected all spiritual restraint—true precursor of the coming time when all temporal government was to be in like manner scorned; and which, in spite of the lingering veneration which outbraved for a season the storm of liberalism, seemed in too fair a way to lose that old home-feeling—the strongest safeguard and surest symbol of a high moral tone—which actuated his.

“Man of four-score-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed (his) father died,
To lie close by his honest bones.”

But to carry out with any degree of fulness an inquiry of such importance far exceeds the task which we have now assigned ourselves. Suffice it to say, that the time is now long past when men could dream that a flippant criticism upon Shakspeare and Spenser, even with the addition of Massinger, or Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher, could give any clear notion of the complicated literature of the age in which they flourished. Sir Egerton Brydges has remarked, “that perhaps such miscellanies as ‘Davison’s Rhapsody’ are better evidence

of the popular taste in poetry which prevailed when they were first published, than the work of any single author, however eminent. Almost all the pieces of the present collection partake more of a moral than of a picturesque or romantic cast. They seem to be, for the most part, the intellectual amusements of men engaged in busy life, who occasionally vented the reflections they had gathered through the vehicle of metre." Now, if this opinion were stated a little more boldly, it would be precisely what we mean. And it is one of the greatest inconveniences of our more bulky collections of English poetry, that while so many pieces of little or no value are preserved, merely because they occur among the writings of men, whom it is or has been the fashion to regard as poets, a large body of our most beautiful verse is excluded, which has been produced, from time to time, in the leisure hours of those whose celebrity, if they are celebrated at all, rests upon other grounds than their ability in poetry. But besides the value of such poems, as supplying us with surer indications of the character of any age than the more massive works of genius which it may chance to produce, they often possess a peculiar charm in the contrast which they present to the drier researches among which they are found, or to the busy activity which they have been written to relieve; just as the wild flowers which cling to the wall of a ruin appear more lovely because there are so few to share their beauty, or as occasional strains of music seem more sweet when they sound only as the solace of less attractive pursuits. And these are the very compositions on which the times in which they are

written produce the greatest effect. Though simplicity is not always found among the professed writers of the sixteenth century, as we have already allowed, yet among those who spent less labour upon their productions, and, in consequence, had a better chance of escaping affectation, we often find elegance not yet perverted by the metaphysical subtilties of the seventeenth; and smoothness equally removed from the sing-song ditties in which the eighteenth rejoiced. The language, also, though less polished, was more pure. Metaphorical expressions had not so far assumed the places of the simple words as that they could be used indiscriminately for the other; and therefore we find few of those broken figures which are discoverable in almost every page of some modern books; nor was poetry made up then, as it often is at the present day, of a mere collection of favourite phrases, the sole effect of which is to impart an irretrievable vagueness of meaning, and to bewilder the reader's mind with an unnecessary host of words.

The number of moral and religious pieces which are found throughout the Elizabethan Miscellanies, may safely lead us to conclude that the unhealthy tone of excitement which pervades some of our most beautiful modern poetry would then have been neither comprehended nor admired.

[Here follow extracts from the Miscellanies referred to, and remarks as to the possibility of a complete republication of them.]

It would be a most praiseworthy undertaking, if any man would apply himself to the task of collecting together all the moral and religious fragments which they

contain, as well as those which may be gathered together from the numerous MS. miscellanies of that day; for though he would have to preserve much that is of little value, he would at any rate, if his duty were religiously discharged, avoid that foppish sort of antiquarianism which aims at nothing beyond amusement, and busies itself in dressing up the rugged and antique garb of those manly writers, that they may be more fit for their drawing-room reception. This would indeed be a difficult, and in many cases a thankless task; for many of the finest old poems still appear without an author's name; or, what is still worse, they have been attributed, at diverse times, to such a host of writers, that we are almost inclined to doubt whether they really belong to any one of their innumerable claimants. Yet a close and strict examination into such points can never be thought superfluous by any man who thinks, as we do, that the author's name is a very important part of a poem, especially if it is likely to be recognized as holding a distinguished place on any other roll of fame.

[Then follow eight pages of notices and specimens of the poetical remains of Raleigh, and others, superseded by Dr. Hannah's later publications.]

Perhaps this general fact of the great number of poets, esteemed in that day, whom we have all but forgotten, could not be more forcibly impressed on the mind of the reader than by a reference to those lists of the more celebrated contemporary poets, which may be found among the works of the Elizabethan writers;—such, for example, as Puttenham's enumeration of those “who in any age have bene the most commended writers in our

English poesie," or Drayton's, in his letter to Reynolds "of Poets and Poesy," or Gabriel Harvey's, in his "Pierce's Supererogation," or that which Mr. Dyce has reprinted from Howes's continuation of Stowe's "Annales," 1615, where are "orderly set downe" "our moderne and present excellent Poets, which worthely flourish in their owne workes, and all of them in my owne knowledge liued together in this Queenes raigne." From a comparison of these four catalogues alone, we should obtain the names of more than sixty poets of the Elizabethan age; and many are not recorded in them who had as much claim to mention as the majority of those that are. Setting aside from these lists the few whose names are still familiar to our ears, as those of poets whose fame has lasted even to the present time, we may divide the rest into two classes,—those who are still remembered, though not as poets, and those who are altogether as forgotten as their works. Few will deny that the scattered poems which are attributed to those of the former class should be objects of the highest interest to us. For a history which tells us what such men said and did, when they appeared upon the great stage of human life, is but like an account of the performances of an actor, when he assumes the costume and manner of his part. But by these small fragments, often the sole relics of private feelings which survive, we are admitted behind the scene; we see that even those who moved among their fellows as if they had little in common with them,—as if they were beings of pure intellect, with no sympathy for the weakness of humanity,—were, after all, "men of middle earth," and concealed behind that cold

exterior their full share of the joys and sorrows of their kind. Nor are writers of the second class of less importance to us. For we can form no fit opinion of any time if we people it only with a race of giants.

[Then follow seven pages of notices and specimens of Southwell, Crashaw, and others, all of whom are better known now than they were in 1842.]

But it is high time for us to direct our attention to another very comprehensive class of our earlier English poetry, which is entirely distinct from those of which we have hitherto been speaking; we refer to the numerous metrical versions of the Psalms, and of other portions of Scripture, which were produced during the century which elapsed between the Reformation and the Rebellion. To the mere philologist, a regular series of the chief of these would be of the utmost value; for if it is important for the advancement of his pursuits to preserve the older relics of our literature, as the only materials from which he can compile a history of the English tongue, he would find it above all things useful to be possessed of a sufficient stock of those productions which have been formed upon the same model, embodying with more or less accuracy and distinctness the same meaning, and therefore having no room for divergence in anything but that very language and expression, the gradual changes and modifications of which it is his object to trace. But if some of these deserve republication (or in many cases *publication*, for not a few of them are yet in MS) as matters of learned curiosity, and as subjects for learned inquiry, there are many more which it is disgraceful to neglect, because of their intrinsic beauty; and there are

others which should be brought forward as warnings to such as think themselves fit to stand forward as self-created interpreters of His most Holy Words. A lesson drawn from the errors of those who are almost or altogether our contemporaries, has less weight than one might probably have which is taken from the extravagances of men, who cannot hide from us their real presumption under the convenient cloak of sectarian dialect or fashionable slang.

The common excuse which was brought forward by the translators of the Psalms into English metre during the latter part of the seventeenth century, was founded on the supposed unfitness of the old translation of Sternhold and Hopkins to maintain its place in the congregation of the Church. That unfortunate version has been so much altered and perverted by the intermeddling of its various editors, that it is unfair to blame it indiscriminately for faults, many of which unquestionably arise from the attempt to mix up with the language of King Henry's days the characteristics of the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Nor, again, should it be judged too severely by persons who have no sort of acquaintance with the literature amidst which it was produced; and who, therefore, are incompetent to decide upon the merits of a production which has survived like a rugged fragment left behind by the stream of time, when all that once surrounded it is hidden and forgotten. Instead of comparing this version with the few translations of Surrey and Wyatt (though even then, the contrast would not be altogether so great as some might expect), we ought rather to turn to the works of those, who were more

equal to the coadjutors of Sternhold and Hopkins in character and pursuits; and we shall then find that even this, which has become almost proverbial for everything that is paltry and ridiculous, was in reality a most creditable production, and was superior to most translations that were made about the same time.

[Then follow seven pages of criticism in detail of the metrical renderings of the Scriptures, and especially of the Psalter during this period.]

FIRST SERMON AT BRIGHTON,

ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1870.

Our Duty to the Present.

“Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead : but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.”—ST. LUKE ix. 60.

WE find from St. Luke's narrative, which is here somewhat fuller than St. Matthew's, that the three words of caution, of which this is the second, were uttered immediately after Christ had set forth on His last journey to Jerusalem, and therefore not very long before His death. We may suppose that He was now gathering up His little band of followers for their final trial ; that trial in which, after all, so many failed ; that trial which shook even the strong heart of St. Peter, though it seems to have been encountered more firmly by the steadfast affection of the beloved disciple. It was a trial which would test the metal of the real believers, who would be the first to recover from the shock of distrust, and to draw, like St. Peter, a blessing from the lesson of their fall. With a view to their protection, to their immediate recovery, to their ultimate perseverance, Christ is here sifting out and selecting those who were most likely to prove fit instruments for the work of preaching the kingdom of

God ; and He is warning them against those concessions to natural and social claims, which cease to be commendable, or even justifiable, if they interfere with our devotion to religion.

“Let the dead bury their dead.” We are not to imagine that there is any harshness of meaning in the words which Christ throws into this pointed and striking form. On the contrary, we may be sure that no words of harshness, on a subject of such deep and touching interest, could have fallen from the lips of our most loving Lord. His own personal history throughout His earthly sojourn, as well as the whole course of His conduct and the entire tenor of His teaching, would exclude such a painful surmise. Most dutiful of sons, most considerate of masters, most affectionate of friends,—He would never teach us to speak lightly of those earthly sorrows and bereavements, which rend the heart with such bitter anguish, when our dearest treasures are removed by death. He had not disdained to join His tears with those of Lazarus’ sisters. He had been moved with compassion over the only son of the widow of Nain, and over the daughter of Jairus. He had turned aside, at every fitting moment of His life, to answer to the prayers of human sorrows. Let us try, then, to find a deeper meaning in these warning words, than the unworthy suspicion that they are meant to forbid a keen sensibility to the pangs of bereavement.

Such an enquiry, I think, will be found very fit to guide our thoughts on the occasion of our first meeting in this House of God : an occasion when I have to stand before you in the room of one whom you have

long been accustomed to honour for his place and work, and who will never more go in and out amongst you; an occasion, you will let me add, which is deeply saddened on my own part by the recollections of more private sorrow. Nor can any text be more suited for this advanced Advent season, when the dying year is hastening to its end, and when darkening days and gathering shadows and solemn warnings in the heavens emphatically preach the duty of obedience to Christ's bidding; the duty of hastening, with all our heart and soul and strength and mind, to proclaim the nearness of the kingdom of God.

There are three of these rebukes, as I remarked, which must be taken together; in two cases, they are cautions addressed to those who offered *themselves* as disciples: in the case of the text, Christ Himself had summoned His disciple by the invitation, "Follow Me." In all three instances alike there seems to have been some lingering drawback, which was either expressed in words, or read by the Divine insight of Him Who knows the hearts of all men. The defect of the first appears to have consisted in a secret love for the comforts of this world, like that of the Israelites when they regretted the lost indulgences of Egypt. This we may gather from Christ's reply—"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." The second showed an overweening regret at the severance of a near and dear earthly relationship; a regret which, though right in itself, was in danger of interfering with more urgent and more heavenly duties. The third, in a much weaker form, pleaded a far less

pressing claim of social courtesy, and was told that "no man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." To the first, then, Christ pointed out His own precarious life of hardship, as a condemnation of the enervating softness and luxury, which rank so high among worldly temptations. The second He commanded to throw the dead things of this world behind him, and gird himself up to the duties of the present and to preparation for the future. The third was still more explicitly warned, that the work of God demands our utmost energy, our whole devotion; that God will not tolerate a half-hearted service; that we must devote ourselves with no cowardly misgivings and no selfish reserve; but that, never hurrying, yet never resting, we must press onwards in the duties of our Christian calling, because the time is very short and uncertain, and the Eternal Judge will soon be at the door. We may combine all the three in this one central lesson:—There is a deep religious sense in which we are bound to throw the past behind us; in so far as we must not allow it to bind our limbs with those fetters of unavailing regret which might impede our movements in the more immediate duty of promoting the kingdom of God. Not, of course, that we may ever forget the lessons we have gathered from our own past experience, or which the Church at large has gathered from the wisdom which God granted to the past. Least of all may we forget those lessons of sympathy which we may have learnt, if we have been privileged to study in the school of sorrow. But our work lies before us in more immediate duties, which have their home in the present

and the future, not the past ; that present which every one of us can do something to influence ; and that future which, under God, depends on the use which we make of our present opportunities. There never was a time when it was more necessary to throw ourselves into the work of the present with more undistracted devotion ; to preach the kingdom of God with more earnest assiduity ; to lay ourselves out for its promotion with a greater energy of undivided hearts. And there never was a time when it was more necessary, in devoting ourselves to the present, to distinguish carefully between the living and the dead in what we have inherited ; to treasure and to foster every spark of vitality, but to fling away the wholly worthless husks and shells, from which their former life has long ago departed. It is a time, as it seems to me, when every agency that is really alive, and that deserves the blessing of the Lord and Life-giver, is bursting forth into a fresh exuberance ; while the growing tree is casting off those withered branches, of errors, and prejudices, and unworthy jealousies, which are like dead things, fit only for the burning. There are many new schools of thought, whose most startling teachings claim a patient hearing ; there are many new agencies of benevolence, of which we should rejoice if we are allowed to avail ourselves ; much fresh machinery has been supplied for the work of education, which may render effectual service in the holy war against ignorance, and sin, and Satan. Let us be equally careful to guard against the opposite mistakes, of despising every old thing on the score of its age, and suspecting every new thing on the ground of its novelty. The living Lord

may visit us through the newest of agencies, and may use them for the service of His heavenly kingdom ; and yet be assured He would not will us to forget the most ancient of the lessons which He bestowed in the world's early morning on the eldest of His children. This is the principle which gave significance to the forms with which we complied this morning, when the law prescribed what I should read to you, and express my hearty concurrence in a service, which has drawn its treasures from the stores of every age, even from the very earliest commencement of Christian devotion ; and also those Articles which originated among the struggles of the Reformation, and have ever since given fixedness to the expression of the faith of God's Church, as it was then happily reformed in England. We can alike rejoice in the rich inheritance of those all but apostolic devotions, and acquiesce in the careful judgments of that later controversial age. We accept those settled propositions, not because we doubt the free rights of the present, but because we are satisfied that God's wisdom overruled the grave decisions of the past. We accept them, not because we are troubled by the fear that God's living wisdom has ceased to dwell with His people, or that the Holy Ghost, which enlightened the Church of our fathers, has ceased to enlighten the Church of their sons ; but because we believe that God's presence visits us through long-established channels, that God's Spirit guides us through long-established forms, and that the most loyal allegiance to what is holy and true in the spirit of the present, is best fostered by a just and sober reverence for what is holy and true in the spirit of the past. And this is only

one application of a very broad and general principle ; that while obeying Christ's bidding, "to let the dead bury their dead," we are still to cling loyally to every established form and institution that continues to give evidence of lasting life.

But to return to the precept on which I have been dwelling : Can we not all recollect a thousand instances, both in public matters and in private experience, to which that pointed injunction will apply ? There may possibly be old quarrels and controversies which may have occupied far too much of our thoughts, and wasted far too much of our temper. By all means, let them now be at last forgotten, and "let the dead bury their dead." There may be old suspicions, which have tended to distract and divide us ; the grudges, it may be, of class against class ; the suspicions that some are always prone to think ill of us, and the disposition to meet them by thinking very ill of them by anticipation : the notion, which may be quite unfounded, that certain practices and opinions are necessarily connected with certain mischievous intentions, that there is a consistency in error which the facts will not justify, and that some single point of agreement with a man or party we dislike is enough to prove complete complicity in the whole of what we think the dangerous aims and aspirations of that man or party. By all means here, too, let these "dead" suspicions be buried out of sight, or abandoned to those who are themselves "dead" in heart ; and let us unite ourselves in a spirit of frank and generous candour with all who are really devoted to the work of building, stone by stone, and soul by soul, the living temple of the living God. It

is always better and nobler to assume that people mean well, than that they mean ill ; and nothing is more likely to realize itself than that charitable assumption. I am unwilling to take instances from the melancholy history of religious controversy ; let us rather appeal for an example to such a subject as Education, to which our thoughts have lately been so much directed. Sometimes the poor have repined under the thought, that the rich were only eager to perpetuate their present advantage in the race of life, by monopolizing the enjoyment of educational blessings—a suspicion which certainly ought to exist no longer ; and the rich have gone perhaps as far astray, by thinking that the poor only wished for education as a stepping-stone for rising into the higher places which they coveted, at the cost of the overthrow of those more favoured classes, which they are assumed to regard only with an angry jealousy. Again I say, “let the dead” in spirit be left alone by the graves of those lifeless suspicions, which so much mutual interaction and confidence should long ago have been sufficient to dispel.

There are other “dead” things which would seem comparatively harmless, if we were not sure that *all* death is thus far dangerous, that it turns very quickly to corruption. And it is quite true that the list of “dead” things which we are forbidden to resuscitate may include things which some among us might be tempted to respect. But whether we respect them or not, if they are *really* dead, that doom is final, and their departed life can never be restored. There are many old opinions also which are dead ; opinions not really connected, as some may

have thought, with those great old truths which God revealed, and which the Bible teaches—truths which shine brighter and brighter as the ages roll onward, with an ever-increasing strength and beauty ; gaining fresh illustrations from all new discoveries, and supplying a key to unlock our intellectual perplexities, which no efforts of uninspired speculation can furnish ; but mere human opinions, which were encrusted by tradition on the sacred deposit of revelation, and which should be torn off and cast away like those useless and troublesome creatures by which the keel of a ship is sometimes encumbered and its progress retarded. In all these cases, also, let us leave “the dead to bury their dead,” while we gird ourselves up to the more pressing duty of preaching the kingdom of God.

And now one word only, in conclusion, on the *nature* of that kingdom, and the *spirit* in which we are bound to pray for and proclaim its advent. There are many who seem attracted by the lovingness of Christianity, who would fall under Christ’s censure as half-hearted and irresolute, because they forget that the Christian Church is no mere system of benevolence, but the actual kingdom of a Heavenly King. As a kingdom, it rests on laws which constrain, as well as persuade ; laws which its subjects are forbidden to transgress ; and as a kingdom of righteousness, those laws are directed to the establishment of holiness and the destruction of sin. It is a kingdom which has been founded in a fallen world, and its citizens are also soldiers, surrounded by keen and watchful enemies. Let us remember, then, that on all moral questions, it is our duty to be firm as well as loving ;

and not to tolerate the evil, even while we would try to bring back the misguided by the persuasiveness of a really charitable temper.

In this, as in all things, that Saviour, whose Incarnation we are soon to commemorate, supplied us with the noblest example, as well as with a power and grace to follow it. None was ever so gracious and condescending to the sinner—none was ever so relentless in condemnation of the sin. The angels' message promised peace on earth at His advent. His divine foreknowledge supplied the mournful comment,—“Not peace, but a sword.”

May God grant us grace, brethren, to strive and pray that we may imitate that Divine Model of mingled firmness and love; to pray that He will help us to assist each other in this foremost work and duty of establishing His kingdom; and bring us at last together to that glorified kingdom in Heaven, where the Christian warrior rests because the strife is over; where the struggles of this world shall disturb us no longer, but be succeeded by the calm repose of an eternal and unbroken love.

● LAST SERMON AT BRIGHTON,

PREACHED AT THE PARISH CHURCH, JANUARY 1, 1888.

“The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night.”—ISAIAH xxi. 12.

It is a great pleasure and satisfaction to me, dear friends, to have this one more opportunity of addressing to you a few words of congratulation and hope at the beginning of another year. I should like our first thoughts on this occasion to be fixed upon the opening morning. ‘The watchman said, The morning cometh’—the morning, with all the richness of its promise, with all the brightness of its hopes; the morning of comparative youth, of strength, of vigorous action. But we cannot quite forget that the present New Year’s meeting has a double significance; and that while we may rejoice in the knowledge that in this church and parish the new year opens with the prospect of a hopeful change, there are some of us whose official day is all but over, and who are thankfully drawing nearer to the rest of evening and of night.

It is now a little more than seventeen years since I was inducted at Old St. Nicholas into the Vicarage of Brighton. Seventeen years is a large portion of man’s allotted span of life. To me the retrospect is somewhat chequered—saddened by the recollection of my own

shortcomings and of heavy private sorrow, but brightened by the memory of many undeserved mercies, and of the loyal help and co-operation of many friends. It is more than fourteen years since we carried out the important movement of transferring the centre of the parish to this Church of St. Peter's. The reasons for this change were laid before the parish at the time in the minutest detail. For myself, I have never seen cause to repent it for a moment. No one can take up the map of Brighton without seeing at a glance that, if the parish was to be subdivided and re-organized, St. Peter's formed the natural and appropriate centre; and re-organization was obviously the first duty that lay before us on that opening morning. No town in England had been better cared for in church matters than this town of Brighton before the Vicarage passed into my hands. No town could offer a more adequate supply of church accommodation in proportion to the number of the people. Two things, however, remained to be accomplished: (1) To confer a reasonable amount of parochial independence on a certain number of the daughter churches; (2) To establish in every such new parish church the principle of which the old parish church had long been an example, that, in conformity with the good old laws of England, the seats in every parish church should be altogether unappropriated and free. I think we may now say that both these two measures have been carried out with a fair amount of success. There are now twenty-five churches and chapels belonging to the Establishment in the old parish of Brighton, of which twelve, including one, "Peel District," and consisting partly of former chapels, rebuilt

or re-constructed, and partly of fabrics entirely new, have already acquired an independent parochial status ; making, with the parish church itself, thirteen parish churches instead of one. Taking into account two free chapels connected with two daughter churches, we now possess fifteen of these sacred edifices, which are free and unappropriated to all. The total twenty-five is made up by the addition of ten chapels of ease, which are still partly pew-rented ; but our best thanks are due to their several Incumbents for the powerful help which they have rendered to the parish by undertaking the superintendence of conventional districts, which in many cases are large and important.

The work, then, of giving local independence and establishing the free and unappropriated system has thus far been very fairly accomplished, thanks to the sympathy and help of many fellow-workers, amongst whom I must gratefully acknowledge the Bishop as the chief—chief in position, in authority, in the wisdom gained by long experience ; foremost always as our leader in everything that tends to promote the good of the Church, and to carry forth its ministrations more effectively to the hearts and homes of rich and poor.

And now “the morning cometh,” with its fresh relay of work and duties. I have no right to say much about the policy of the future, which will no longer be under my control. But I may, perhaps, be allowed to suggest that the next great work that lies before you will probably be found to be the completion of the improvements which have already been well commenced at St. Peter’s. No doubt these changes will aim at realizing our original

ideal, by giving it something more of the cathedral character, which would befit its relation with the parish, and harmonize with its commanding position, as it stands out so prominently in this central locality, surrounded by its pleasant grounds. In carrying out this necessary work, I cannot doubt that its promoters will be actuated by such principles as these : (1) To make it more than ever what a parish church ought to be, the sacred home for both rich and poor ; the natural resource in times of trouble and privation for the multitudes that gather on the neighbouring hill, and at the same time a haven and retreat for richer classes, who will find here, I feel certain, the sober attractions of a bright, devout ceremonial and frequent services, and who will support it by their sympathy and alms ; (2) to continue to realize the happy spectacle to which we have now grown accustomed, of all sitting together, " high and low, rich and poor, one with another ;" and (3) to try to make it the real centre of unity throughout the parish ; a centre to which clergy as well as laity can gather freely when occasion offers ; so that the parish church may stand forth, as it ought to do, as at once a symbol of that unity and a means for promoting it ; a token and instrument for maintaining the brotherly concord among the clergy of the town which has happily so long prevailed amongst us, and has blotted out the very memory of old and transient strife. I do not see why Brighton should not exemplify, with God's blessing, the very ideal of a great English parish ; a strong centre, with a central band of clergy, holding frequent relations with all parts of the parish ; surrounded by a flourishing group of daughter churches,

which would promote their own good works in a spirit of friendly independence; all alike actuated by the apostolic spirit of the Church of England, and exhibiting a picture of brotherhood and concord, in which smaller differences of opinion are not only tolerated but utilized. And so again I say, "the morning cometh;" and now I will turn to address to you a few parting words on the privileges and responsibilities of an opening year.

There are many advantages which may be reaped, if we are wise, from a diligent observation of these turning points in life. It is a great thing to be able to make a new start. One likes the very aspect of a new unblotted journal; and one hopes that its record will be better than those of the past. It is our natural thought that we ought to begin the new year by making good resolutions; but we all know well that the great difficulty is, not to form the resolutions, but to keep them, and to carry them out in practice. It is so easy to resolve, and so hard to perform. But this is just what we have got to do. There are some things which lie within our own immediate personal compass. We can stir ourselves up to be more diligent in prayer, more punctual at church, more regular in our daily study of the Bible. And, looking beyond ourselves, we can discern plenty of opportunities for making ourselves more useful, more serviceable to the Church, more beneficial to our brethren, more sympathizing, efficient, and discreet in assisting the poor. But amidst all these varying spheres, these countless openings, we must rest all our efforts on a single centre; for the one thing needful is a deeper love for Christ, and a more fixed determination to spend

and be spent in His cause. This is the only foundation on which good resolutions can be based with any hope of their fulfilment. I repeat, the one thing needful is the love of Christ; the only end which it is really worth one's while to aim at is, so to do His bidding in our humble degree as to try to merit something of His final welcome.

It follows that the first resolution we should form for the new year ought to bear on our religious duties. Now is a fitting time to look back and consider whether we have really acted up to our true profession, or treated all its sacred forms and ceremonies as mere matters of routine, mere words of course. Private prayer, public worship, daily Scripture readings, a more diligent attendance on the Holy Communion, what fruitful heads of self-examination have we here! Which of us can show a stainless record? Which of us would like the future to be no better than the past? The great danger is, dear friends, lest we should too much resemble those unfruitful ones in the parable who have no root in themselves; whose profession is little more than the result of habit; who look on the services of religion as nothing better than a seemly and even meritorious custom. But what shall we do when at last the night cometh? The night of sorrow, of darkness, of old age, disease, and death? What other strengthening than the love of Christ can help us to bear those accumulating burthens, or sustain us through the shadows of the dark valley we must pass through? What aid and consolation can we gather from a purely formal service? Let it be our first duty then, dear friends, in this opening year, to realize

more vividly the inward power and warmth of the religion we profess.

From prayer to labour ought to be a natural transition. Let us try this new year to find more work to do, and to do it with heartier good-will. I need not dwell now on those social and domestic obligations, to which I have often called your attention in the years that are past. But there is one class of duty in which all of us must learn to take a more active interest; I mean, to remove the sad estrangements which still separate one class from another, and to solve the hard problems which still embarrass the relations between wealth and work. In discharging this difficult and urgent duty, sympathy is the first thing needful; but careful and wise consideration is equally important. There is no doubt that the past few years have seen a great improvement, both in motives and in methods; an improvement both in views and opinions, and in practical measures for the assistance of the poor. Let us hope that a closer and more prayerful attention to this anxious, trying subject will bring about, with God's blessing, more complete success. It would be a happy thing if we should find that the removal of class jealousies, and the discovery of better methods for dealing with distress, may count among the glories of this opening year.

Many other topics of like importance seem to crowd upon our thoughts. But I must return for a moment more to the immediate object of this present address. Though reluctant to say the last words, I must draw to a close. Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening; and when the evening comes he must

make ready to submit his work and his labour to the merciful judgment of God. Dear friends, will you not sometimes bear in memory the hours which we have spent together in this House of God? And if any one of you should feel that you have ever heard a helpful word from us amidst our imperfections, we can only ask you to think kindly of the past, and resolve to serve God better for the future. Think little, however, of the closing night, but think much of the morning that cometh. Forgive all the shortcomings of which we are conscious, and pray, that God will help you to realize the brighter promise. As regards myself, for a time which in the nature of things must be short, I am to be permitted, by God's providence, to go in and out amongst you, and to watch, as a bystander, than whom none will be more profoundly interested, over the progress of the work. Let it be my last act in this church, which I have loved and tried to serve, to wish each and all of you a happy new year, with every social, domestic, and religious blessing. As a friend and a neighbour, I may be spared for a while to rejoice in your prosperity, but as your Vicar and pastor I now bid you farewell.

Copy of memorial tablet about to be erected
by his son in the chapel of Trinity College,
Glenalmond—

In Memory of the

VENERABLE JOHN HANNAH, D.C.L. OXON.,

For sixteen years (1854-1870) Warden of this College.

He died at Brighton 1st June, 1888, in his seventieth year.

Remembered for his works and his life among the makers of
Glenalmond

Inscription on the credence plate—

A : M : D : G : et in piam memoriam viri sagacis strenui vene-
rabilis IOH. HANNAH, D.C.L., de Lewes Archidiaconi—ruris
decani—Parochiæ Brightonensis per xvii. annos vicarii, cujus
laborum haud ignari, beneficiorum haud immemores huic ecclesiæ
D.D. quidam e clero hujus urbis—ann. sal. MDCCCLXXXVIII.

A marble bust, by Mr. Bruce Joy, subscribed for
by the inhabitants of Brighton, is about to be placed
in the Brighton Walhalla, the vestibule of the
Royal Pavilion.

Copy of inscription on mural tablet placed in the
Parish Church of Brighton (*close to the window which
the Archdeacon inserted to the memory of his wife*).

In the Parochial Cemetery
lies all that can die of the

VENERABLE JOHN HANNAH, D.C.L. OXON.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, 1840-1844 ;

Chaplain of Combe Longa, Oxon., 1843-1845 ;

Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, 1847-1854 ;

Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond,

And Pantonian Professor of Theology, 1854-1870 ;

Bampton Lecturer, 1863 ;

Vicar of Brighton and Rector of West Blatchington, 1870-1887 ;

Prebendary of Sidlesham in Chichester Cathedral, 1874-1888 ;

Archdeacon of Lewes, 1876-1888.

Born at Lincoln, July 16, 1818 ;

Died at the Vicarage, Brighton, June 1, 1888.

He divided the parish of Brighton into Ecclesiastical Districts,
making each District Church free and unappropriated for ever.

He transferred the parochial rights of the parish of Brighton from
the Old Church of St. Nicholas to this building,
which he greatly beautified and improved.

This commemorative tablet was placed here by his only son,
who succeeded him as Vicar of Brighton.

"They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

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